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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THE LAUREL TREE

AN ARCHETYPAL PERSPECTIVE OF THE SACRIFICE OF SOUL IN

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

AND

KAMOURASKA

BY



Charlotte K. Garrett

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and
Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
degree of Master of Arts.

DEPARTMENT OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

Edmonton, Alberta
Spring 1993



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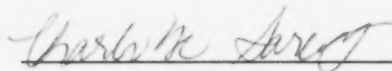
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April 08, 1993

*vix prece finita, torpor gravis occupat artus:
mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,
in frondem crines, in ramos bracchia crescunt,
pes, modo tam velox, pigris radicibus haeret,
ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.*

(Ovid I 548-52)

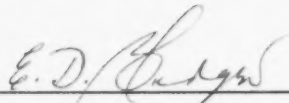
*In Earth she stood, white thighs embraced by climbing
Bark, her white arms branches, her fair head swaying
In a cloud of leaves; all that was Daphne bowed
In the stirring of the wind, the glittering green
Leaf twined within her hair and she was laurel.*

(Trans. H. Gregory)

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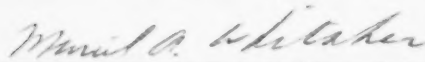
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Professor E.D. Blodgett
Comparative Literature and Film Studies



Assistant Professor N. Rahimieh
Comparative Literature and Film Studies



Professor Emeritus M. Whitaker
English

April 08, 1993

"Someone knelt, and the blood came leaping out like banners."

(Munro, *Who Do You Think You Are?* 1)

Surely someone

killed me

And walked away

On tip toes

Without breaking a perfect dance.

(Hébert, *Selected Poems* 56)

For my daughters

Thank you, Erin and Jessamyn, for being who you are

ABSTRACT

This thesis examines the sacrifice of soul in two Canadian works, Alice Munro's *Who Do You Think You Are?* and Anne Hébert's *Kamouraska*. The approach is archetypal, based on the depth psychology developed by Carl Gustav Jung and others, such as James Hillman. In the introduction terms are defined, especially Apollonic consciousness; this term refers to a structure of patriarchal consciousness which subjugates the other and limits the growth of the characters, Rose and Elisabeth, Madame Rolland. Both characters, like Daphne when pursued by Apollo, retreat into the unconscious--nature, which results in a loss of soul. Part I, Chapter 1, "Sacrifice," discusses the nature of the sacrifice of soul and the violence in the relationship between Rose and her father, with the archetypal background of Aeschylus' description of Iphigeneia's sacrifice. An archetype that emerges is Artemis; this goddess has great influence in both Rose and her father's psyches. Part I, Chapter 2, "Mother And Violence: Rose And Her Flo(wer)," discusses the mother-daughter relationship, with the consideration that Rose is without a strong identity because of the loss of her natural parent. Part II, Chapter 1, "Elisabeth And The Black Womb," discusses Elisabeth's relationship with the women in her life and the patriarchal milieu within which she is captive. She too, suffers from the lack of strong mothering. Part II, Chapter 4, "Body, Soul And Violence," continues the fragmenting relationship between the psychic halves of Madame Rolland and Elisabeth with the consideration that Elisabeth represents Madame Rolland's soul life. The archetypes that govern Madame Rolland and Elisabeth are Artemis, Medusa and Lilith. These feminine energy patterns are not acceptable in nineteenth-century rural Quebec and are therefore repressed, along with Elisabeth, Madame Rolland's passionate self. Elisabeth's relationship with George Nelson is also considered. Both Elisabeth and Rose suffer from enclosure within the parameters of Apollonic consciousness; both partake of theatre in order to survive in patriarchy.

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PART I

SACRIFICE, VIOLENCE AND THE MOTHER

PROLOGUE

When the modern mind ponders the meaning of sacrifice, we recall tumultuous Greek tragedies where victims are struck down via Zeus' 'nod' or the command of one god or another. In Greek tragedy gods and goddesses must be propitiated: the characters are unable to live their lives unconscious of the Gods and their direct relationship with them.

Today the awesome powers of divine forms are unconscious, unrecognized. Yet C.G. Jung discovered that the ancient concept of such forms exists in the unconscious as archetypes, or the "deepest patterns of psychic functioning." Such patterns are the very ". . . roots of the soul governing the perspectives we have of ourselves and the world." We can best grasp archetypes, our soulful underpinings, through the use of metaphors, which "throw us into an imaginative style of discourse" (Hillman, *Re-visioning* xiii).

Fiction, as such a "discourse," often represents archetypal forces acting upon or within characters. Annis Pratt, who also works with archetypal patterns in women's literature, suggests that they ". . . represent categories of particulars, which can be described in their interrelationships within a given text or within a larger body of literature." These patterns exist within the textual material and to locate these patterns does not mean to 'make' the literature 'fit' archetypes. Pratt comments that

A dogmatic insistence upon preordained, invariable sets of archetypal patterns would distort literary analysis: one must not deduce categories down *into* a body of material but induce them *from* images, symbols, and narrative patterns observed in a significantly various selection of literary works. (Pratt 5, her italics)

However, in women's fiction archetypal patterns vary immensely from those of their male counterparts: think of James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *The Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man*, the *Bildungsroman* or hero's journey. Pratt finds that the "most frequent" plot structure underlying women's fiction is the "rape-trauma archetype" represented in the myth of Apollo and Daphne (5). This structure is vastly different from male fiction where, as Del in *Lives of Girls and Women* describes, men could go out into the world, "take on all kinds of experiences and shuck off what they didn't want and come back proud" (Munro 147).

If we consider an archetype as a "definite set of reactions," pondering the image of Daphne pursued by Apollo then leads me to several conclusions (von Franz, *Puer* 121). First, a female character in the psychological position of Daphne will retreat from Apollo's hunt, Apollo representing either a male character or Apollonic consciousness, and will find her safety in, or escape to, the depths of nature. Second, she may retreat so deeply that she *becomes* unconscious nature; she is vegetative, symbolized by the awful choice Daphne makes in becoming a laurel tree. Elisabeth is left with similar choices in *Kamouraska*. Or a heroine may temporarily retreat, as does Rose in *Who Do You Think You Are?*. A deep retreat into the unconscious--nature--may be sought as a sanctum for healing, as it is for Elisabeth after her flight from her husband, Antoine, or it may be a permanent loss of consciousness, as is the final result for Elisabeth, or the retreat may be one from the body, as it is for both Rose and Elisabeth.

In the lives of these female characters, a sacrifice, whether conscious or unconscious, is absolutely necessary in order to escape patriarchal domination, if, in fact, they do so. In this thesis I am concerned with the evolution of both of the characters' journeys as well as with the ritual movements and violence inherent in sacrifice which leads each woman to make her life-choices.

Before entering the discussion of the women's lives, with their journeys towards or away from self-hood, clarifications are necessary. I am using certain terms, such as archetype, discussed above, as well as 'soul,' 'psyche,' 'anima,' 'animus,' and 'Apollonic consciousness.' These terms, developed in the application of depth psychology, require definition and I will often refer to James Hillman, who, after Jung, offers a thoughtful contemplation of archetypal psychology and the nature of soul. In this instance I am referring especially to his collection of essays, *The Myth of Analysis*, where he discusses at length the nature of soul and the structure of ever-present Apollonic consciousness.

I am making use of the word 'soul' apart from its usual religious meaning as: "The spiritual nature of man considered in relation to God, regarded as immortal, separable from the body at death, and susceptible to happiness or misery in a future state" (American Heritage Dictionary). This commonly held notion of soul is more descriptive of spirit. Here I am following Jung's assessment of and understanding of soul gleaned from his life-long relationship with his own soul and those of his colleagues, students and clients.

Soul and psyche are not interchangeable concepts though they often appear so in much literature. Soul seems to be an aspect of man's nature that must be worked with, shaped, related to. Intermingled with the idea of soul is 'anima' and 'animus' which Jung considered to be an aspect of the unconscious counterpart of consciousness: "for him [they are] an 'empirical concept, whose sole purpose is to give a name to a group of related or analogous psychic phenomena'" (Hillman, *Myth* 50). Many take anima to mean simply "a personification of the soul, and anima [and animus] figures are supposed to be soul images that reveal the soul's character and predilections" (Hillman, *Myth* 50). But anima extends beyond these perimeters because ". . .the soul presents aspects that extend beyond a man's unconscious femininity--his dream figures of favorite women and his inner personality," figures which too often are projected upon women. James Hillman explains that

These wider aspects touch questions of loss of soul, immortality and redemption, human vitality, sacredness and relatedness, and they also evoke the cosmic *anima mundi*, intimating a world-soul, or the psyche at common levels of subjectivity. Soul, psyche, anima, and animus (unlike 'self,' which is a more abstract and reflective symbol) have etymological associations with body experiences and are concrete, sensuous, and emotional, like life itself. (*Myth* 51, his italics)

Hillman goes on to explain that "Jung defines psyche as a totality of all psychic processes, the intentional subjectivity of this totality being the 'self.'" Soul pertains to a different quality as a "functional complex of the psyche, acting as a mediating personality between the whole psyche, which is mainly unconscious, and the usual ego" (*Myth* 51). From this understanding of soul and psyche we can grasp how it is that a man

or woman can be soulless, captive within their egos, when unconscious of their own inner nature. If soul is not cultivated, nurtured and related, in the full understanding of relationship, the psyche is functioning entirely separate from the ego; man is unconscious of her or himself. In Greek tragedy we know the outcome of such a situation: *hubris* leads to a fall.

Hillman postulates further that "[s]oul is not mere nature; our intervention, confused or willful as it may be, seems necessary to its movements" (*Myth 22*). Soul is not spirit, which calls one out and away from the body, rather soul demands bodily participation in the felt experience of life well lived in the body. Soul-making is the creative 'opus' of our lives with the "necessity for a close and personal world--family, tutelary figures, a friendly society, a beloved, personal enemies. *The world and its humanity is the vale of soul-making*" (*Myth 25*, his italics). In soul-making one must also pay attention to the pantheon of gods, the archetypes pressing through the psyche for human acknowledgment and relationship.

From this discussion of soul and psyche it is apparent how it is in women's fiction, that, as the characters forge their lives and possibly their souls, the patterns might reflect a rape-trauma archetype and not the hero's journey. The hero's way has been to distance himself from human relationship as he wanders Byronically in search of 'meaning.' Personal attachment has always been frowned upon for the august young man as he sets forth. After all, did not Odysseus keep Penelope waiting for over twenty years? Del's observation, that men could "take on all kinds of experiences and shuck off what they

didn't want and come back proud" is fitting, for men have a great deal more difficulty than women do in forming and sustaining relationships. And when relationships are present, "they often are cast in the language of achievement, characterized by their success or failure and [are] impoverished in their affective range" (Gilligan 154). Women tend to value relationship but are and have been deeply inculcated within male notions of who a woman is and who she is to become. As Virginia Woolf was so aware, the great shadow of the male creator as "I" has fallen and falls still across the pages of his creations and woman has been one of them.¹ Projecting his image of soul upon woman, he limits, delimits, delimitates, eliminates her possibilities, pursues her, as Apollo does Daphne, because he must have her; he needs her because without her he does not have a soul. In fact, in seeking soul, particularly in artistic creation, he may project soul upon woman and frame her accordingly.

Consciousness that limits, restricts, holds, distances, and does not reflect upon itself by looking into the mirror that psyche holds forth is essentially monotheistic: it is Apollonic and ruthless in its pursuit of the other. It is James Hillman, again, who succinctly describes Apollonic misogyny:

We have called this consciousness Apollonic, for like its namesake, it belongs to youth, kills from a distance (its distance kills), and, keeping the scientific cut of objectivity, it never merges with or "marries" its material. It is a structure of consciousness that has an estranged relation with the feminine, which we have taken to mean "the abysmal side of bodily man with his animal passions and instinctual nature, and 'matter' in general." The Apollonic fantasy, however, is not exclusively male, pertaining only to how men think and what they do. (*Myth* 250)

In Feminist scholarship there is a tendency to break with a Hillman at this point, because it is difficult for some to concede that Apollonic consciousness is not exclusively male. Hillman is clear that "[a]s an archetypal structure it is independent of the gender of the person through whom it works, *so that the integration of the feminine is a concern pertaining not only to men but to women as well*" (*Myth* 250, my italics). The discussion of Apollonic consciousness continues with the idea that, because the "structure is archetypal," the kind of consciousness that the structure determines will not change until the structure changes. Hillman further explains this pattern of consciousness:

This structure produces . . . theories of the human body as part of a philosophy which guarantees the superiority of male consciousness and the inferiority of any opposite with which it will be conjoined. And there is no way out of the dilemma as long as this Jahwistic or Apollonic structure informs not only scientific thought but *the very notion of consciousness itself* . . . Until the structure of the consciousness itself and *what we consider to be "conscious"* change into another archetypal vision or way of being-in-the-world, man's image of female inferiority and disbalanced *coniunctio* in every sphere of action will continue . . . [and] we shall remain endlessly repeating and helplessly confirming with ever more subtle scientific observation our misogynist fantasies of the male-female union. (*Myth* 250-51, his italics)

While this Apollonic structure is being challenged in women's writing, where 'this and that' is more valuable than the Kierkegaardian either/or, it is a problem of the unconscious for women who still turn male eyes against themselves in whatever form, be it personal relationships, institutions, governments or worse, turn Apollonic eyes inwardly to wound or to destroy soul aspects of themselves still *in utero*.

For women the path leading away from the rape of Apollonic consciousness² is in the integration of the feminine, as Hillman stated earlier. And, as Adrienne Rich is so profoundly aware when she states, "I saw / myself . . . raised as a son" (*Your Native Land* 9), sometimes women must "shuck" a male superego whose standards of perfection we can never meet.³ This means a radical change in female consciousness--a profound soul-making of herstory that is not the epic narrative. Each character that we accompany on her journey makes a decision regarding her story in the milieu she is captive within, and a sacrifice of some sort, as she forges her identity as a woman.

SACRIFICE

The web of related archetypes--ritual, violence and sacrifice--is exemplified in *Who Do You Think You Are?*. The first story, "Royal Beatings," opens with Rose, age "nine, ten, eleven, twelve" trying to grasp the concept of a "Royal Beating," a threat often acted upon by her step-mother and father (Munro 10). Rose, who "had a need to picture things," in other words, to bring a concept to an image in order to understand it, 'comes up'

with a tree-lined avenue, a crowd of formal spectators, some white horses and black slaves. Someone knelt, and the blood came leaping out like banners. An occasion both savage and splendid. (Munro 1)

Notice that this child, with her soulful, instinctive ability to image her suffering, feels the inter-connection of ritual, violence, and sacrifice during the events that she must endure. As an adult recalling the violence of her childhood, she ruminates on the relationship of "murders, and murderers," though she does not pursue her feelings regarding her father very deeply (Munro 16).

Because Rose's father "was king of the royal beatings," her suffering is under his auspices (Munro 1). During and after the beatings her body and her pride are deeply hurt. But it is her soul that also suffers, not merely her body: it is her soul that releases the images that describe the "royal" aspect of the beatings. Behind the act lie the archetypes that determine her father's behaviour for, as one depth psychologist writes:

"The image of a father hurting his daughter has behind it the archetypes of an era in which brutal and rigid patriarchal patterns have damaged the vulnerable, childlike, feminine soul" (Dallet 133). In the story that Rose puts together in order to understand her life, the "someone" who kneels may represent her soul, the sacrifice left to bleed, symbolically, on the altar of her father's brutality. The image of a sacrifice, with the concurrent archetypes of ritual and violence, therefore informs the opening of *Who Do You Think You Are?* and is inextricably linked with her parental relationships.

A classical example of patriarchal sacrifice which stands archetypally behind or perhaps within the story of Rose is the ritual murder of Iphigeneia at the hands of *her* father, Agamemnon. Choosing to follow the law of war rather than an individual, inner law, Agamemnon appeases the goddess Artemis with the blood of his virgin daughter in order that he may have wind to sail to Troy. As Aeschylus relates the legend, Iphigeneia is bound, like a "yearling," and her mouth is gagged in order that no "sound . . . curse the house." As she is bound and held:

her glance like arrows showering
wounding every murderer through with pity
clear as a picture, live,
she strains to call their names. . . .
(Aeschylus 114, 115)

Iphigeneia attempts to name her killers but such a naming would "curse" the patriarchal home and is not permitted: her voice would force consciousness upon the players involved in the ritual. Iphigeneia, as the victim, must be silenced like the yearling she is substituted for. In this silence she is reduced to an animal. Agamemnon, once he has

allowed himself to follow this course of action, is "seized" with a "frenzy" and he "stopped at nothing." Since archetypes have control over his behavior, though Iphigeneia might cry "'[m]y father, father!'" no "innocence moves her judges mad for war" (Aeschylus 114).

When Rose is being beaten by her father "[s]he runs, she screams, she implores"; while she is rendered "incoherent, insane," she is "shrieking" and begging "[f]orgive me! Oh please, forgive me!" (for what is of course never clearly established, though I will surmise [Munro 17]). The command from her father, as the ritual of their habitual violence begins, is "[q]uiet, you!" and as the beating continues Rose becomes utterly wordless: like a beaten animal she "is letting out a noise" that makes her step-mother concerned that the neighbors may hear what is going on (Munro 16, 17).

Rose's father becomes seized with a ritualistic energy that Rose does not understand but witnesses in his eyes as he begins to strike her:

He gives her a look. This look is at first cold and challenging. It informs her of his judgment, *of the hopelessness of her position*. Then it clears, it begins to fill up with something else, the way a spring fills up when you clear the leaves away. It fills with hatred and pleasure. Rose sees that and knows it. Is that just a description of anger, should she see his eyes filling up with anger? No. Hatred is right. Pleasure is right . . . He starts to loosen his belt. (Munro 16, my italics)

This description of rage spilling towards and over the daughter could just as well be a description of impending rape--I will discuss the sexual aspect of this father-daughter relationship shortly. Here it is important to note that Rose's father has become possessed, is "quite out of character," and seems to be like a "bad actor"; yet she knows that he "is

acting, and he means it" (Munro 16). Like Agamemnon, her father has become gripped with the ritual performance enacted upon his daughter and it is not until he and Flo, Rose's step-mother, have argued about the beating that they are slowly "being drawn back into themselves" (Munro 18). Rose is left in a wordless, bodiless state: "she floats in curious comfort, beyond herself" (Munro 18). The beatings are never talked about.

The sacrifice of Iphigeneia is depicted by Aeschylus as "a bridal rite that sped the men-of-war" (114). Aeschylus' translators, Stanford and Fagles, comment that her sacrifice

is a brutal parody of the Olympian ritual of marriage. According to legend Iphigeneia was brought to Aulis on the pretense of marriage; and here she appears the bride in saffron robes; but the robes become her winding sheet--her slaughter becomes the *proteleia*, the sacrifice preliminary to the bloody wedding of the armies, a symbol of all our fruitful unions torn by war. (Fagles and Stanford 18)

In order for Iphigeneia to be 'given,' or 'offered,' whether in marriage or as a sacrifice to Artemis, the assumption made is that she 'belongs' to her father; she is his possession, to do with what he will. The nature of the relationship is primitive and tribal in nature. At bottom of their familial and cultural structures lies the incest taboo.

In a study of incestuous family patterns, Judith Herman and Lisa Hirschman explain the importance of the incest taboo as

at the center of an agreement to control warfare among men. It represents the first and most basic peace treaty. An essential element of the agreement is the concept that women are the possessions of men; the incest taboo represents an agreement as to how women shall be shared. Since virtually all known societies are dominated by men, all versions of the incest taboo are agreements among men regarding sexual access to women. (261-62)

Iphigeneia's sacrifice, as her father's possession, is the fuel required for war. By breaking the incest taboo, symbolically, Agamemnon the warrior can head for Troy, his battleship sails propelled and billowing with the fuel of his daughter's soul. Indeed, her very life, and therefore the cultural code implicit in this tragedy is clear: war, the 'business' of men, is the important gestalt.

Inherent within the ritual of Iphigeneia's sacrifice is the silence that must be encoded within the act. Iphigeneia is reduced to a dumb beast with only her eyes conveying her suffering at the hands of her own father and Rose, like her soul-sister, is rendered "incoherent" and animalistic. The ritual is not a sacred process leading to profound transformation but is rather a murder of feminine soul: symbolically Agamemnon (and Rose's father) has murdered his own innocent possibilities. He is not a warrior: he is "merely a murderer," writes Evangeline Kane as she discusses the patriarchal man, and "[i]n being unable to face and combat the inner beast, he subjugates the feminine with his death-obsessed lust, pushing her into the world of nature devoid of cultivation" (16). Agamemnon, like Rose's father, is a man without a soul and both Iphigeneia and Rose, like Daphne, become unconscious nature and their voices are silent.

At first glance the story of Iphigeneia may seem completely unrelated to Rose's story of life with her father. Yet, if Rose's imagination of the ritual and sacrifice involved in her violent family is taken seriously, is understood as the reality of her soul life, the similarities are painfully clear. Rose's father is another Agamemnon, for he too, learned

heroic war codes (Munro 3). He has an inner beast to contend with, just as does Agamemnon, as well as the archetypes that govern his soul.

Over Agamemnon's psyche, Artemis, as an archetype, held great power and her representation holds many clues in the understanding of both Iphigeneia's and Rose's situations. She is Apollo's twin; they have shared the same womb yet stand in opposition. For Artemis was once a matriarchal goddess "akin to the Cretan Lady of the Wild Things" (Schapira 117). In her Greek representation, as Apollo's sister, she retains some of her matriarchal aspects as the virgin goddess, virgin in the sense of self-containment, "who comes from afar, whose realm is the ever-distant wilderness" (Downing 163). She is "herself the wilderness, the wild and untamed, and not simply its mistress"; she "represents the mystic, primitive identity of hunter and hunted" (Downing 165, 164). Agamemnon chooses to enter the distant, dark realm of Artemis' justice and the mystery of hunter and hunted when he allows himself to kill his child. In turn, Artemis will aid Clytemnestra and Aegisthus in his murder.

Artemis is unlike other goddesses of the Greek pantheon because she guards the realm of wilderness which represents feminine inviolability, a wildness or untamedness in young women, as well as feminine being and aspects of "experience connected to biological femaleness: menstruation, conception, parturition, nursing, menopause, death" (Downing 174). Artemis's sense, or the felt sense that she represents in women (and nature), seems to "both invite and resist violation" (Downing 173). Rose is described by Flo as being an untameable girl who must be contained. "[W]ho do you think you are?"

is Flo's verbally abusive recourse, for she regards Rose as a "smart-aleck" who is "rude" (Munro 13.)

But worse, far worse, is the fact that Rose's father cannot bear his daughter, as a teenager. Her hair "wild and bushy," her "thoughts a thousand miles away," and "the sight of the large and indolent and self-absorbed fact of her, seemed to fill him with irritation, with melancholy, almost with disgust" (Munro 47). Rose is aware of how she affects her father, is aware that "she was female but mistakenly so, [and] would not turn out to be the right kind of woman" (Munro 46, 47). The model to be followed is Flo's: ". . . naive intellectually, childlike, contemptuous of maps and long words and anything in books, full of charming jumbled notions, superstitions, traditional beliefs" (Munro 46). In short, Rose is not to mature into the full status of womanhood, a womanhood that is self-contained, self-regulated, "wild," and free to express herself. These are the qualities Rose's father tries to beat out of her and had "beaten down, successfully submerged, in himself": but they "had surfaced again" in Rose (Munro 47). Wild Artemis characteristics are clearly not acceptable; such boundaries in women (and nature)⁴ can be perceived or felt by some men with "apprehension," as Rose's father feels, and they must be defeated (Munro 47). Rose learns well: in her father's presence "she was holding herself still, she was looking at herself through his eyes. She too could hate the space she occupied" (Munro 47). Rose is learning to see herself through the eyes of men, to turn Apollonic consciousness against herself, to become the victim, and is losing the sense she was born with.

In "Half A Grapefruit" the beatings have stopped. Rose has learned to "hate" herself and has learned to change her behavior near her father. Most importantly she does not speak; she now "never answered him back" and "[w]hen he spoke she automatically bowed her head, tightened her lips in an expression that was secretive, but carefully not disrespectful" (Munro 46). Rose has learned to be submissive: indeed this behavior is beaten into her and she is deprived of her tongue. Because Rose was forced to yield to her father's wrath, she learned to fear him; therefore she was unable to look "at his face . . . because of the bad opinion of herself she was afraid would be written there" (Munro 46).

Rose is also very aware that her father feels "nearly uncontrollable irritation and apprehension" when near her (Munro 47). Why does her father react so violently towards his daughter? Why is it Rose who receives a "royal beating" and not her brother? And why is it that Rose is blamed for her father's feelings? In the story of Iphigeneia the incest archetype determined the course of her life. This archetype seems to have a similiar impact in the ritualized family violence and the image of sacrifice that Rose imagines.

The incest archetype, along with the mother archetype, is likely the most powerful in the human psyche. The incest taboo is merely one layer of the influence of this archetype which represents a spiritual union with one's deepest self, a union in the psyche with one's own soul. Jung has written extensively on this subject and Robert Stein has developed Jung's ideas. Like Jung, Stein has found that the impulse behind incest is

the urge towards wholeness. Many powerful symbols represent this urge: they are symbols that represent the union of opposites, such as the "Royal Marriage or 'hierosgamos'" (Stein 29). But because this archetype is relatively unconscious in modern society, much damage in the family results from the unconscious effects of the archetype. In contemporary familial structures man and woman are not in a harmony deep enough to contain or to consciously hold this powerful archetype. As Stein informs us:

In addition, when there is a lack of spiritual harmony between mother and father, each parent tends to project the ideal of his soul-mate onto a child of the opposite sex. As a consequence, an unconscious spiritual marriage is formed between father and daughter, and mother and son. (Stein 29)

The term for this "spiritual marriage" is psychological incest, even more virulent, if that is possible, than physical incest, because the daughter (or son) does not have physical evidence of the problem. Between Rose and her father the archetype is evident in the sexual overtones directed towards Rose, the containment of her femininity, and Rose's realization that her father needed to please Flo. "[H]e had to seem to be in sufficient agreement" with her because he needed her for "[s]afety" in spite of any "pride" he feels in Rose (Munro 47, 48). Her father thus makes Flo into 'the mother' who must be propitiated: he must please her even if it means beating his own child. Furthermore, the lack of harmony between the adults results in Rose becoming the family scapegoat for the father's sexual energy, an energy that is expressed through violence. "Incest offenders are frequently described as 'family tyrants,'" note Herman and Hirschman (263). Rose cannot quite formulate this understanding, she "did not really think this

through, or want to. She was as uneasy as he was, about the way their chords struck together" (Munro 47). Unconscious father-daughter incest within the family is extremely destructive for the daughter, her only choice is to repress her instincts and try to please her parent. Rose makes every attempt to please; even her books and her reading are for her father's attention. The daughter is also unable to

experience her wholeness in relationship to [the father] because of the incestuous triangle. Her relationship becomes increasingly fragmented and frustrating as she matures. (Stein 30)

As Rose was never able to consult her father on essential life issues, even his impending death in her teenage years could not be discussed. Rose is thus essentially unfathered as well as unmothered.

The violence in the family is "royal," I suggest, because of the incestuous archetype functioning at the unconscious level. The "Royal Marriage" of the opposites, symbolically the King and Queen, which represents the union of consciousness with the unconscious, does not happen in the adults. Because the sacrifice is Rose's soul, she is the only member of the family who can image the soul reality of the situation.

Incest is a community problem in *Who Do You Think You Are?*. Rose's situation is framed by the incest in Becky Tyde's family, the possible beating of Franny by her father, rape by her brother, as well as the large amount of female madness in West Hanratty (Franny may be Rose's psychic sister who is "stunned, bewildered, by continual assault" [Munro 27]). Madness in the women is continued through the generations of mothers and daughters. Rose realizes that women who go "off the track," recognizable

because of the symbolic code they adopt, their unravelling clothing, pass their wounding to their daughters:

Mothers and daughters often the same way. It was always in them. Waves of craziness, always rising, irresistible as giggles, from some place deep inside, gradually getting the better of them. (Munro 178)

Female hysteria, incest, beatings and rape: these incidences are symptomatic of the psychic seethings of the collective. Jung is absolutely adamant that unless the incest archetype is rectified in the psyche of individuals, the madness in our culture will increase. "Whenever this image [of the marriage of opposites] is obscured, [man's] life loses its proper meaning and consequently its balance" wrote Jung. If man betrays his own soul, he substitutes for it ". . . a madness which leads to destruction, as our time demonstrates all too clearly" (Jung, *CW XIV* 167, par. 201). Rose's soul is sacrificed on the altar of her father's madness. The effect of life with her father stays with her. For even after her father's death she was 'surprised' when she realized "that he wouldn't be with her less" (Munro 55).⁵

Interestingly, Alice Munro describes Rose's situation with her father, then immediately takes the reader into his death from cancer. Perhaps his internal Artemis, 'she who strikes from afar,' had the final word.

The Oresteia hearkens to an earlier time when women avenged the rape or sacrifice of the daughter, permitted under patriarchal law (consider the lengths Demeter will go to when she is walking the ground of Mother Gaia searching for her daughter Persephone). Yet as the series of plays in *The Oresteia* concludes, the Furies' power

grows weaker, the voice of mother-wisdom, the voice of the hearth, grows ever more silent and patriarchal culture grows ever more virulent.

VIOLENCE AND THE MOTHER: ROSE AND HER FLO(WER)

Clytemnestra will avenge her daughter's death by murdering Agamemnon in her own version of a sacrifice when he returns from war. The murder is ritualized as she calls upon a matriarchal power, the primacy of female relationships, in order to accomplish her deed. The chorus is aghast as Clytemnestra prepares her ritual, for they recognize that this woman is different; she has "no fear of the husband" as she is honoring *her* law, "the law of the hearth, the mother--/ Memory womb of Fury child-avenging Fury!" (Aeschylus 111). Clytemnestra says, very simply of her husband, "[h]e brutalized me" and was able to take their child's life as easily as "killing a beast" (Aeschylus 173, 172). Following the law of the mother, not the father, Clytemnestra feels entirely justified in the violence that she perpetuates. Her consciousness of the mother gives her the energy she requires in order to accomplish her sacrifice of Agamemnon *to* the mother-law.

In the two works considered for this thesis, a mother who will defend her daughter, to the point of murder, does not exist. The point is not to advocate murder but to mother: to stand between daughters and the Apollonic consciousness of the patriarchal man. But the mothers are inculcated within the patriarchal society, submerged, their identities and the roles they play determined by their fathers, their brothers, husbands, lovers, and by their own mothers.

Rose is an unmothered child, then teenager and woman, who is unable to mother her own daughter. Elisabeth is captive within a darkly draped, cavernous home with her mother, a very young, grieving widow and strict black-robed aunts; she too is unmothered.

The purpose of a mother, the need for a mother, the role of a mother--we all have a mother; but who is she? What is she, beyond the sentimentalities of patriarchy? Very few women have mothers like Clytemnestra, or Demeter, with their awesome power, their rage, their determination to avenge, protect or to nurture, though we may want her, need her.

The mother archetype, with the incest archetype, is perhaps the deepest and most profound within the psyche. One of the clearest discussions of the archetype and the maternal principle is found in Sibylle Birkhäuser-Oeri's, *The Mother: Archetypal Image in Fairy Tales*. The writer suggests that:

In order to understand the nature of the mother archetype, we must begin by thinking a little about the maternal principle. In its broadest sense it symbolizes an experience of all living beings. No one is created from nothing; everyone has a mother. In the same way all psychic life has a progenitor, which existed before consciousness and will probably continue to exist when the light of consciousness is extinguished. It is, was and will be again, our psychological *sine qua non*, the unconscious, which behaves toward consciousness like a mother. So the mother archetype refers to what our more prosaic psychological jargon terms the unconscious, particularly in its maternal aspect, involving the body and the mystery of matter in general.

The mother image thus symbolizes not only the psychological but also the physical foundation of human existence, *including the idea of the body as container of the soul*. (Birkhäuser-Oeri 13-14, my italics)

The mother archetype is crucial for conscious, soulful, embodied existence. This archetype can also be understood as the opposite pole from Father Spirit, where the two energies, according to the Chinese system of the I Ching, dance, or play, as yin and yang. The mother archetype symbolizes as well the opposite side of the beneficent mother, which is the dark, mystery, death, decay. In patriarchal culture women have generally only been acceptable if they manifest the beneficent aspects of the archetype best imaged as the virgin mother, Mary. This archetype, as I shall argue, has great influence in Elisabeth's life.

Alice Munro's text considered for this thesis contains an interesting image that points to the mother archetype. In *Lives of Girls and Women*, as the book concludes, Del ruminates on the perceptions of a writer. She makes the observation that "[p]eople's lives, in Jubilee as elsewhere, were dull, simple, amazing and unfathomable--deep caves paved with kitchen linoleum" (Munro 210). Del has described ordinary everyday surface life, our consciousness, which can be "dull" and "simple," as compared to the unconscious, where mystery is enfolded within the deepest caves, presided over by the mother archetype, represented by the arrangements created on the floor of the mother's domain: the kitchen with its patterned linoleum. This is not to say that everyone's personal mother dominates the family home, although that certainly happens; here the image of the unconscious is one present in every single life, "in Jubilee as elsewhere."

Who Do You Think You Are?, Alice Munro's next collection of linked stories, opens with Rose contemplating the image of sacrifice. Concurrent with this image is the

relationship with her step-mother and the kitchen floor: a clever "geometrical arrangement" painstakingly put together, piece by odd piece, by Flo. But in Flo's kitchen everyday material things, such as ". . . the linoleum, the calendar with the mill and creek and autumn trees, the old accommodating pots and pans . . ." take on a different significance: in this kitchen Rose is deeply betrayed for the very ground that Flo created ". . . can leer up at you, treachery is the other side of dailiness" (Munro 17). The unconscious aspect of everyday living that Del perceives, dominated by the mother archetype, has its dark side; the mother, both archetypal and personal, can betray, devour, destroy: the ground can be 'treacherous' in one's own home.

The mother-daughter relationship described in *Lives of Girls and Women* is continued in *Who Do You Think You Are?* but on another level, another turn of the spiralling action that is the movement of psyche, of nature, of the joyful zigs and zags that little girls take as they skip or run or tell their stories. In fact, the text of *Who Do You Think You Are?* is comprised of layer upon layer in a spiralling, non-linear journey that is more like the pattern of psyche, as story, inscribing the female body and relationships. Beverly Rasporich has also noticed that Alice Munro's texts, in language and landscape, "are bound up with the female psyche" (162). As a woman writing and telling the stories of the female body enclosed in modern culture, Munro's textual "structures" are ". . . built on correspondences and juxtapositions without ends and closure [which] are much more natural texts than the traditional narratives of linear logic extended into climax" (Rasporich 167). All aspects of the related chapters--stories--inform each other, build on

each other in a "continuous, organic, circular view" (Rasporich 177). The organic flow is reflected within and dependent upon the biological reality of the female body and the voices that tell the stories.⁶ Flo passes what knowledge she has to Rose in the form of story and Rose learns to speak in story. Story is the form that Rose understands in order to find the shape of her life. For "without stories there is no articulation of experience"; a woman cannot "learn to value her struggles, to celebrate her strengths, to comprehend her pain," writes Carol Christ. If the stories that inform women's lives "are not told, the depth of women's souls will not be known" (Christ 1).

In *Who Do You Think You Are?* Rose's soul story is inscribed with pain, difficulty, loss, and sorrow. Because she does not know her natural mother, who died when "Rose was a baby in a basket," she is convinced that Flo is a poor substitute. The "sixteen or so months" that her natural parents spent with her, in the same home, must have been, thinks Rose, "an orderly, far gentler and more ceremonious time" (Munro 1, 2).

As Rose nears adolescence her identity is in question, as the title of both the book and the story suggests. The little girl that she is, as the book begins, feels the "treacherous" nature of her relationship with Flo and longs for her natural mother. She must put her life together from fragments--bits and pieces--gleaned from the stories she has heard and the objects left by her mother. All Rose had "to go on" were

some egg cups her mother had bought, with a pattern of vines and birds on them, delicately drawn as if with red ink; the pattern was beginning to wear away. (Munro 2)

What Rose discovers is, symbolically, a feminine vessel, a cup, that can contain the psychic possibilities of the growing child, symbolized by eggs. But the symbols of nature and growth, "vines and birds," drawn in the red of the womb and the blood [l]ink that mother and daughter share, are fading. A pattern is ending and another, determined by Flo's archetypal relationship with mothering, the "geometrical arrangement," is well under way.

Any effects that the gentle mother may have had are replaced by Flo's influence which leads to violence, criticism, and a mocking of Rose's very nature. Flo even derides the natural mother's death through story, as "no books" or narrative possibilities of who her mother may have been, or what her interests were, remain. The mother died from a blood clot on her lung after telling her husband: "I have a feeling that is so hard to describe. It's like a boiled egg in my chest, with the shell left on" (Munro 1). Rose's father never talks about his first wife and this story is the "only story about her mother" that Rose ever hears. In the telling Flo makes the story derisive; the words that could have nurtured Rose, because it was her mother's truth, become "foolish" when Flo tells it ". . . as if her mother really was the kind of person who might think you could swallow an egg whole" (Munro 2). Thus a symbol that was passed from mother to daughter represents death, not the growing possibilities that Rose requires, while the mother's integrity is under fire by Flo.

No "clothes" or even "pictures" remain of Rose's mother, not even a memory (Munro 2). Since Flo is the only mother that Rose can remember, their "wrangle," it seems,

has been going on forever, like a dream that goes back and back into other dreams, over hills and through doorways, maddeningly dim and populous and familiar and elusive. (Munro 11)

Rose's imagination of the relationship, one that can recall only violence, leads backwards into the unconscious. Women think backwards through their mothers, as Virginia Woolf and Jung were aware, as well as forwards. But what happens if the relationship is one of betrayal? of violence? In the blood link of mother and daughter is a need for gentleness, nurturing, support. "Until a strong line of love, confirmation, and example stretches from mother to daughter," observes Adrienne Rich, as well as "from woman to woman across the generations, women will still be wandering in the wilderness" (Rich, *Of Woman Born* 249).

"[W]andering in the wilderness" can be understood as a poor relationship between the self and body and the creative matrix of mother-unconscious; we cannot contain our lives nor develop our soul meaning of womanhood. If betrayal and violence replace support and gentleness, a woman does not possess the sense of self that she must have. She will not know who she is, as Alice Munro's book suggests.

When Rose is beaten, Flo betrays her: she hands her over to the father for punishment, i.e. patriarchal rule. What is Rose guilty of? We found earlier that the father feared Rose. Flo comes up with many excuses, reasons, why Rose needs to be beaten:

she uses "filthy" words that Flo hates such as "arsehole" (so does her brother but, significantly, he is "free"); she is guilty of "smart-aleck behavior, rudeness and sloppiness and conceit" (Munro 13). She "humiliates" Flo and drives her "to distraction," with "her back-talk and impudence and her terrible tongue" (Munro 15). Rose does play up to Flo with a "poisonous reasonableness" that would make any mother furious (Munro 13). But Flo resorts to violence.

It is possible that the cyclic, ritualistic violence is related to the onset of menstruation for Rose as well as to Flo's own cycle. Consider, for example, the deep rage that erupts in both Charlotte Brontë's Bertha in *Jane Eyre* and Jean Rhys' Antoinette in *Wide Sargasso Sea* while the moon is full and pulsating red.

Such rage is directed towards patriarchal projections and containment. When the words between Flo and Rose escalate, Flo is on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor that she created herself, piece by piece. She may feel utterly unappreciated in her motherly role; her only story about the natural mother was "oddly grudging" (Munro 2) and she lets Rose know that "it was for Rose that she sacrificed her life" (Munro 13). With an "amazingly theatrical" air she further informs Rose:

She saw her father saddled with a baby daughter and she thought, what is that man going to do? So she married him, and here she is, on her knees. (Munro 13)

Flo is angry at the loss of her individuality. But some of the rage directed towards Rose may be misdirected, may be rage at her incommunicative husband for the

unacknowledged sacrifice of taking over the burden of parenting as well as rage incurred during her own childhood.

Flo's life is a terrible story of suffering and abuse with the loss of *her* mother and abandonment by her father (Munro 43). In 'saving' Rose and her father, she may have been trying to save herself or to create her own soul-meaning of motherhood. The end of Flo's life is abysmal. Like Bertha in *Jane Eyre*, like Daphne reduced to unconscious nature, like Iphigeneia reduced to a voiceless beast, Flo becomes unravelled, animalistic, caged, voiceless; she "occasionally showed her feelings by biting a nurse" (Munro 23). Flo has entered Artemis' wild zone, a place of feminine ritual and mystery: it is a region of the unconscious Artemis may take women to during menstruation, pregnancy, childbirth, nursing, menopause and death (Downing 174). Flo had abandoned her life; "she had removed herself" to an inviolate place (Munro 23).

As Flo was betrayed, so she betrays. And the cup, the feminine vessel that could have nurtured Rose, is empty. Without the connection to the mother that she needs, Rose develops a persona of nonchalance and learns to "act" in the world. Life becomes theatre. Her mode of coping is to become an actress but as a woman she is full of self-doubt and lives with a sense of inadequacy. She is beset with a knowledge that she is missing something vital: ". . . there was always something further, a tone, a depth, a light, that she couldn't get and wouldn't get" (Munro 209). Throughout her life she lives with a sense of powerlessness manifested in eating binges, half-serious suicide attempts

with razor blades that scar her arms and body, headlong flights from situations she cannot handle, and anxiety about her body.

She feels a captive shame in her female flesh, her body that could be seen as "disastrous," for she was "burdened" in "the whole physical fact of herself, the whole outspread naked digesting putrefying fact" of her naked flesh. She recognizes that this "burden" she carries is one that belongs to women; therefore the male body "would not be in question" (Munro 173). Rose's felt sense of her corporeality in her relationship with men, as with her father, who makes "a sound of disgust," as he concludes beating her and shoves her away from him, is one of powerlessness and "disgust." It is men who have the power to say "*[c]ome here . . . or go away*" thinks Rose, but it is clearly the relationship with her father and step-mother that teaches her this abysmal, patriarchal abuse and containment within Apollonic consciousness (Munro 18, 173, her italics). Since Rose was never cherished in her flesh, her femaleness, she suffers, throughout her life, from a lack of trust and comfortableness with her corporeal self.

The mother can provide a sacred, nurturing vessel for the little girl's maturation in her body. The image of egg cups provided for Rose, though empty, prescribes the need for the embracing of her female flesh and the stages she passes through on her journey towards womanhood. Each stage of this journey can be imaged as an egg in the process of being brooded upon.⁷

It is the mother who broods upon the daughter's life and allows the embryonic process to unfold, like the petals of the lovely Rose that struggles to be born in "Who

Do You Think You Are?" (Rose's "nature," however, was growing like a prickly pineapple" [Munro 5]). The mother, through her cherishing of her daughter's hopes, dreams and her physicality,⁸ instructs her through example to brood upon herself, to nurture herself; but Rose's attempts are most often shattered.

An example of Rose attempting to create a loving embrace through her imagination occurs when Rose meets an older girl at school named Cora. Cora, who was "tall, solid, womanly," participates with several others in a spring ritual called "funerals" (Munro 31, 34). It is the older girls who devise this ritual for themselves where each pretends to be dead. The other girls play mourners, sing and bring flowers. A ritual of this nature suggests the death of late childhood and early adolescence in the embryonic process of approaching womanhood. The girls apply each other's make up and nailpolish and this decorating of and attending to their femaleness, acts that Flo would not condone, are rituals that earn Rose's adoration of Cora. When Rose thinks of Cora "she had the sense of a glowing dark spot, a melting center, a smell and taste of burnt chocolate" (Munro 35). In college Rose will go on binges of chocolate eating: her binges are metaphoric attempts to absorb a feminine sweetness that is sadly lacking in her life. Rose adores Cora, loves her. She devises a scene where Cora nurtures, cuddles, mothers, supports:

She imagined that she would be sick and Cora would somehow be called to look after her. Night-time cuddles, strokings, rockings. She made up stories of danger and rescue, accidents and gratitude. Sometimes she rescued Cora, sometimes Cora rescued Rose. Then all was warmth, indulgence, revelations.

That's a pretty name.

Come on up, honey.

The opening, the increase, the flow of love. (Munro 33-4, her italics)

In this imagination the relationship is reciprocal; there are no power games for Rose. The sweetness she recognizes "must be there from the start, like the hard white honey in the pail, waiting to melt and flow" and it is a girl nearing womanhood that draws forth Rose's inner sweetness, who 'melts' her (Munro 34). Nowhere do we hear of Flo holding and comforting her step-daughter; never do we hear the two laughing and giggling together in feminine companionship.

The story that Rose makes up counteracts Flo's harsh and cold nature. Furthermore, the story supports her in her female development. If a girl does not experience the matrix of the mother as loving and supportive she will ". . . have no sense of everlasting arms to uphold [her] through the crises of life" (Woodman, *Pregnant Virgin* 21-2). The warmth and comfort that Rose imagines from Cora nurtures her soul growth and helps Rose to save herself, to "rescue" her own "melting center." "Physical cherishing by a woman, whether sexual or platonic, gives the feminine ego the grounding it requires," states Marion Woodman, "because the feminine body needs the love of a woman in order to accept itself" (*Pregnant Virgin* 161). Flo does all she can to denigrate Rose's feelings for Cora and the desire for the body confidence that Cora possesses. Flo is ruthless: "You make me sick" is her harsh judgment (Munro 36). Since "Flo was a drying blast," Rose's feelings, "shocked and exposed," "start[ed] to wither and curl up at the edges" (Munro 36). Years later Rose recalls "the facts, but not the feelings" as Flo continues to berate and tease her about Cora (Munro 37). Flo accomplished her purpose--to destroy Rose's feelings and her tender growth of soul.

Flo does not consider the possibility of "future homosexuality" for Rose but, Rose thinks, is afraid of the feelings of love that Cora draws from her (Munro 36). Yet the denigration and destruction of these feelings is supported by a society that denies girls and women the relationships they require in order to mature. Bonding between women is threatening for a society that considers male-female bonding as primary. Few ". . . acknowledge the societal forces which wrench women's emotional and erotic energies away from themselves and other women and from woman-identified values"; but these Apollonic "forces" strive to keep girls and women apart from their soulful creativity (Rich, "Compulsory Heterosexuality" 145-46). Society, and "[m]en have committed the greatest crime against women," states Hélène Cixous, for "[i]nsidiously, violently, they have led them to hate women, to be their own enemies, to mobilize their immense strength against themselves. . . ." ("Laugh" 282). For Rose, and Flo who conspires to contain her, a deep sense of oneself as female is open to attack, punishable by beating and berating until the question "who do you think you are?" becomes a moot point. In fact, the very question, "who do you think you are?" posed in terms of the mind and not in terms of feeling, or a known corporeal sense of who one is, exemplifies the Cartesian body-mind split that pervades Western culture.

Nurturing vessels are non-existent in *Who Do You Think You Are?*, where violence directed towards women is a seething presence throughout the text. Buried beneath the textual surface are fragments of body parts that belong to women and girls. Although the pieces and parts of female anatomy that emerge could be construed as "the anatomical

pattern of a dressmaker's art," the pieces seem to point more towards the fragmented psyche of the women who unravel, go mad, commit suicide, beat their children or simply give up on life (Rasporich 170). The mother archetype that sustains and contains feminine living is not present.⁹

As Rose is unmothered so she is unable to mother. Rose's little girl will suffer in turn. After leaving her marriage and her daughter, Anna, Rose had a dream:

She dreamed she met Anna walking up Gonzales Hill. She knew she was coming from school. She went up to speak to her but Anna walked past not speaking. No wonder. She was covered with clay that seemed to have leaves or branches in it, so that the effect was of dead garlands. Decoration; ruination. And the clay or mud was not dry, it was still dripping off her, so that she looked crude and sad, a botched heavy-headed idol. (Munro 136)

The 'education' that Anna is receiving, without her mother, is covering her in matter. To be 'decorated' so means "ruination." Because the child is silenced through her experience, she is not able or willing to speak; she cannot 'tell' and is, therefore, symbolically "wandering in the wilderness." Here is a strong example of how inculcation in matter, the woman's wound, is passed down from mother to daughter. Although Rose will attempt a brief period of living with Anna, Patrick, her ex-husband, persuades her to give her up permanently because he can do a better job. Mother and daughter cannot be a unit but are forced apart. "The loss of the daughter to the mother, the mother to the daughter, is the essential female tragedy" writes Adrienne Rich (*Of Woman Born* 240). Apollonic consciousness does not recognize this tragedy, nor the profound depths of this wounding.

In this wound the power of language can be lost. The child Rose was punished for her "terrible tongue," her way with words, her linguistic strength. She began to learn to deal with words as Flo did, which was to mimic. As a teenager Rose observed Ralph Gillespie, the town's consummate mimic of Milton Homer (as the name suggests, Milton is a curious amalgam who is mentally handicapped and with the ironical name bestowed upon him by Munro, he goes about harmlessly, ceremoniously blessing babies). Rose felt a "shaky sort of longing" as she watched Ralph,

She wanted to do the same. Not Milton Homer; she did not want to do Milton Homer. She wanted to fill up in that magical, releasing way, transform herself; she wanted the courage and the power. (Munro 204)

Rose is witnessing the transformative power of words, a power that is automatically given to men. Even Milton Homer can go about speaking as he wished. It is power with words that Rose is after and projects onto Ralph. But Rose learns to imitate Flo; Flo is the role model her father has determined is suitable. Rose has also learned that she cannot expose her vulnerabilities, so ". . . would not have told [Flo] anything in which she did not play a superior, an onlooker's part," as "[p]itfalls were for others" (Munro 41). The teenage Rose is trapped in a story line where she cannot tell her fears. As she returns from school she performs: remarkably there are "[n]o nerves any more. A loud skeptical voice, some hip-swinging in a red and yellow plaid skirt, more than a hint of swaggering" (Munro 41).

Later, as a woman, Rose meets Ralph Gillespie again. She recognizes his deeper nature, his self-sufficiency and she "wished that he would speak to her from that level,"

but "they were prevented" (Munro 209). Rose is still trapped in a level of communicating where she cannot speak from her depths. But, as she sits with Ralph, her "peculiar shame which she carried around with her seemed to have been eased" (Munro 209). Rose also began to be conscious

that she might have been paying attention to the wrong things, reporting antics, when there was always something further, a tone, a depth, a light, that she couldn't get and wouldn't get. And it wasn't just about acting she suspected this. Everything she had done could sometimes be seen as a mistake. (Munro 209)

Ralph had always done as he wished. "[H]e carries on just the same, imitating," Flo tells Rose, and lives with a certain air that is "perhaps proud" thinks Rose (Munro 206, 209). Some of his integrity, his independence, is transferred to Rose who begins to forgive herself; for "when she thought about him afterwards her mistakes appeared unimportant" (Munro 209). In her experience of meeting Ralph again, she is changed enough not to abuse the relationship by "telling" or speaking out of turn after his death. Rose is able now to contain her memory of him "though she knew it was lack of material as much as honorable restraint that kept her quiet" (Munro 210). Ralph's life was "one slot over from her own" and in relating with this kindred spirit, Rose, at last, as her story concludes, recovers a little inner strength or power (Munro 210).

"[I]n the beginning we grasp whatever we can / to survive": these words from Adrienne Rich aptly describe Rose's childhood situation (*Your Native Land* 6). Rose needed a mother's love, she gathered the few symbols she could of her natural parent, but it is Flo's mimicry and way with words that she grasped hold of. Yet Rose had a

dream, before Flo's death, that could be regarded as a gift from the psyche that may have helped Rose gain strength and the power of her female voice. The dream was

Someone was taking her [Rose] through a large building where there were people in cages. Everything was dim and cobwebby at first, and Rose was protesting that this seemed a poor arrangement. But as she went on the cages got larger and more elaborate, they were like enormous wicker birdcages, Victorian birdcages, fancifully shaped and decorated. Food was being offered to the people in the cages and Rose examined it, saw that it was choice; chocolate mousse, trifle, Black Forest Cake. Then in one of the cages Rose spotted Flo, who was handsomely seated on a throne-like chair, spelling out words in a clear authoritative voice (what the words were, Rose, wakening, could not remember) and looking pleased with herself, for showing powers she had kept secret till now. (Munro 188)

The Victorian containment of women is obvious here; what is not so obvious is the linguistic strength that is woman's. Flo's "spelling" power is "authoritative" and reminiscent of Virginia Woolf's description of the ancient song, "ee um fah um so / foo swee too eem oo" bubbling up out of the earth from "so rude a mouth, a mere hole in the earth, muddy too, mated with root fibres and tangled grasses" (*Mrs. Dalloway* 74, 73). The song is issuing from the womb-mouth of mother earth. While we cannot call Flo an earth-mother in any sense, the knowledge that language issues from the mouth of the mother archetype is the gift given to Rose. Like the Sibyl perched on her stool, Flo is enthroned and speaking with female power.

In fact Logos may be conveyed from mother to child along with breast milk, for " . . . the very fact that one can metaphorize the mouth as a womb, the Word as the child of female power, implies that women need not experience any ontological alienation from the idea of language as we know it" (Gilbert and Gubar 265). In Christian mythology

Mary, the Mother, gave birth to Logos, the Word, and this archetypal pattern is not limited to male authority and power. The Mother emits, voices, gives birth to language. In Rose's dream, however, the body that is the authority is captive, is still contained within principles and concepts. Caretakers are providing sweet nourishment but a cage is a cage. The dream offers possibilities to Rose, possibilities of the recognition of her own power with words that need not be projected onto a Ralph Gillespie. The dream reveals how profoundly Flo influenced her step-daughter: how ironic it is that Flo's dry and cutting mimicry would hurt and yet help Rose in her chosen career as an actress.

But for the women of *Who Do You Think You Are?* a powerful voice that proclaims who they are, is, like their souls, lost or crazed or beaten or raped out of them. Rose became her father's victim very early in life and that sacrifice of self results in the sacrifice of her soul to the patriarchal principles that dominate her very existence. She is a modern-day Daphne retreating from her own bodily knowledge in order to escape the Apollonic consciousness that surrounds her and limits her acceptance of self.

PART II

ELISABETH AND THE BLACK WOMB

BODY, SOUL AND VIOLENCE

PROLOGUE

Alice Munro's œuvre is remarkable for its textual surface, its rich detail. Del, in *Lives of Girls and Women*, speaks of recording such detail, for her desire as a writer was to want

every last thing, every layer of speech and thought, stroke of light on bark or walls, every smell, pothole, pain, crack, delusion, held still and held together--radiant, everlasting. (Munro 210)

Such is the art of Munro to forge the details that make up the everyday life of her characters. Anne Hébert's collection of novels, however, is like the flip side of the artistic coin where surface detail is submerged in story that often reads as a fairy tale. In *Les Chambres de bois*, for example, we are amazed when Catherine speaks of a car: we thought we were immersed in a fairy tale story of dark woods, stormy castles, and a heroine on a journey to find her soul. Slowly the modern world emerges in *Les Chambres de bois* as the author places us in Paris; yet the fairy tale atmosphere remains. And while *Kamouraska* is based on factual events,¹⁰ the fairy tale atmosphere persists, though to a lesser degree than in Hébert's first novel.

A fairy tale, like its sister text, the Fantastic, takes the reader out of everyday living--the gleaming surface of Munro's genius in literature--and places us in familiar terrain, familiar because of the likeness to the dream world the psyche takes us to every night in sleep. "As self-portraits of the human soul," fairy tales continue the dream into story, for they "express an inner psychological reality rather than an external one" (Birkhäuser-

Oeri 13). *Kamouraska* tells its story in dream images as it unfolds like multitudinous fairy tale images of witches and devils, a horse with wings, and a woman with a voice so powerful that she brings animals to her side. These fairy tale images continue the dreams that plague Madame Rolland as they aid in the expression and description of her life. Following fairy tale style, there are no chapters but rather there are breaks in the scenes that unfold with an ever increasing rapidity as the story is told.

And *Kamouraska*, as a masterpiece of Quebec Gothic, with its double-layered story and doubled female character, contains within its textual layers a woman's soul story that weaves in and out of dream, fairy tale images and outer reality to create a multi-colored tapestry, large and radiant, strong and true. It is a magnificent book which resembles Jean Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea*, with its deep plunges into the troubled soul of the doubled character, Antoinette Cosway and Bertha Rochester.

As in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, where Rhys wanted to create Bertha Rochester's life, Hébert was faced with a textual problem: how to take a story with the outcome already foretold and weave the structure so that no quality of the drama would be lost. The story, therefore, is told in retrospect. Madame Rolland is submerged in memory with images from her past that raise their ghostly presences and comment on the events as they unfold. These shades, then, are both dead and alive, are constantly present while absent from her life for almost twenty years. As Elisabeth's life unfolds, complete with the witnesses and judges that inform her past, an eerie effect of the drama is that the story

seems to have pre-existed while the characters simply play out their roles, their parts within the "theatre" of the archetypal relationship of murderer and victim.

Like the turn of the spiral that informs both *Who Do You Think You Are?* and *Lives of Girls and Women*, *Kamouraska* is a deeper turn of a woman's soul journey as told in *Les Chambres de bois*. The two novels are remarkably similar but for the story of Catherine's marriage to Bruno.¹¹ Catherine's journey is told more simply than is the story of the young Elisabeth d'Aulnières metamorphosed into her older self, Madame Rolland.

Kamouraska immerses the reader in nineteenth-century rural Quebec with its Catholicism and Jansenism: the society is one of "rigid stratifications and moral strictures stagnating in hypocrisies and desperation" (McDonald 59). Anne Hébert commented on the rigidity of rural Quebec and the resulting lives for the women of the period:

"The apparent life of these women of Quebec--so ordered, well arranged--was only a thin surface . . . But underneath, in layers, they were plunged into an obscure world of revolts which often didn't see the light.

I was fascinated by this world of bourgeois purity and I told myself there must be something else underneath. Christianity in us led to a sort of repression of life. Above all in women. Men always had alibis for their aggressivity." (McDonald 59)

Hébert's insights into the lives of the Québécoise women is the story of *Kamouraska*: Elisabeth is encapsulated within the societal order--never does she break free. Hébert's task was to take the factual story of the murdered family squire told to her as a child at her mother's knee and add to this the layers of an unknown woman's life: the story not told, the voice never expressed.

ELISABETH AND THE BLACK WOMB

When reading *Kamouraska* one often has the feeling of holding a Russian doll in one's hand and playing like a child, first opening one layer of the magical doll to find another and another and yet another. The major character, Madame Rolland, enfolds her younger self, Elisabeth, like the Russian mother doll with her *babushka* wrapped about her head, enfolding and keeping her children or her own psychic sisters within the boundaries of her own body. If Elisabeth had been nurtured in and birthed from those quarters, *Kamouraska* would have been a different story. But she was not. When we regard the image of Madame Rolland encapsulating her younger self, we discover that the judgment rendered upon her as the novel opens, with the words, "Coupable! Coupable! Madame Rolland vous êtes coupable!" represents her inner judge and jury pointing the finger of guilt in her direction (Hébert 31). We learn that there are two great crimes in this woman's life: not only was Antoine Tassy murdered but so, too, were Elisabeth's passions.

When we open the novel we are introduced to Madame Rolland in the third person. By the third paragraph Hébert creates first-person dialogue where we hear Madame Rolland carrying on a fragmented inner conversation as she grows ever more restless. Because her second husband is dying, the respectability that she clung to is beginning to unravel. She is frightened, on edge, while she also feels that there are people, eyes

"m'épie. On me suit. On me serre de près" (Hébert 7). She is certain that she is being followed:

On marche derrière moi. Cette femme, hier, s'attachait à mon ombre. Je sentais son pas égal, son allure obstinée, volontaire, sur mes talons. Lorsque je me suis retournée, la femme s'est cachée, sous une porte cochère. Je l'ai bien vue s'engouffrer là-dedans . . . J'aurais fort bien pu la semer, cette créature. (Hébert 7-8)

We suspect that she is not being followed by anybody. There is no woman behind her. Yet, there is. For as Madame Rolland continues her ruminations, her voice reflects greater and greater panic. She says she was dragging the woman behind her as it becomes clear that Madame Rolland is being followed by her past, Elisabeth's "folle jeunesse" (Hébert 8).

The textual surface begins to dissolve as the speaking I begins to shift back and forth from Madame Rolland to Elisabeth while Hébert establishes the split female character. And while Madame Rolland is being 'followed' by other figures that begin to appear with greater rapidity, such as her inner pantheon of judges, she is also following

l'idée que je me fais de ma vertu à deux pas devant moi. Ne quittant pas cette idée de l'œil, un seul instant. Une surveillance de gardechiourme. L'idée, toujours l'idée. L'ostensoir dans la procession. Et moi qui emboîte le pas derrière, comme une dinde. (Hébert 9)

Madame Rolland is following the image of "vertu," virtue, a male quality that belongs to her husband, Jérôme Rolland. This quality can only be bestowed upon her through marriage. She speaks of her situation with great bitterness using religious terminology in order to describe the parameters of her religious and societal containment: her husband

is all the sacrament that she should require. As the passage continues the sardonic voice of Madame Rolland gives way once more to the passionate voice of Elisabeth:

C'est cela une honnête femme: une dinde qui marche, fascinée par l'idée qu'elle se fait de son honneur. Rêver, m'échapper, perdre de vue l'idée fixe. Relever mon voile de deuil. Regarder tous les hommes, dans la rue. Tous. Un par un. Être regardée par eux. Fuir la rue du Parloir. Rejoindre mon amour, à l'autre bout du monde. (Hébert 9)

Madame Rolland longs for her freedom from marital oppression. It is her younger self, Elisabeth, who once revolted against the staid principles that kept her contained in marriage, in misery, with her brutal husband Antoine Tassy. Madame Rolland would like to 'escape'; she would like to be honest in her passion, to 'lift the mourning veil,' and she deeply wants to find George Nelson, her lover from so long ago. But she is locked in the virtuous trappings of her married life. Elisabeth, however, is spoken of by Madame Rolland as an 'other,' "[p]auvre Elisabeth, prodigue Elisabeth" (Hébert 11): her desires are repressed by Madame Rolland who needs her marriage for respectability. The image of the honorable French-Canadian woman with her brood of eleven children in twenty-two years, three in her first marriage (although unbeknownst to her husband, the third is fathered by George Nelson), is one that Madame Rolland goes to great lengths to project.

The surface story of *Kamouraska*, then, is the life of Madame Rolland as she tends to her dying husband. For eighteen years they have hidden between them the fact that Elisabeth's lover murdered her first husband, the squire of Kamouraska. Madame Rolland proclaims her innocence in the murder and Jérôme knows her story but they

never mention it. As Jérôme lies dying, he makes verbal thrusts at his wife who "lui apparaît telle qu'en lui-même se dresse la mort transfigurée, tout au long des nuits decauchemars" (Hébert 14). He is terrified of his wife, "est seul, livré au pouvoir maléfique de sa femme qui, autrefois, a . . ." who 'already once before . . .'; he cannot finish his thought but is afraid that "[e]lle me tuera" (Hébert 14, 15). Madame Rolland sees her husband as a "petit homme" who pouts like a child. In his childish need for mothering she feels unsupported; she says "tu n'as jamais cru à mon innocence" (Hébert 16). She is outraged at her sacrifice of being a model wife; she will not let her husband die: "Tout, plutôt que d'être à nouveau complice de la mort" (Hébert 22). That is Madame Rolland speaking. Elisabeth wants to be free of her encumbrances. She longs "[s]e nommer Elisabeth d'Aulnières à jamais. Habiter toute sa chair intacte, comme le sang libre et joyeux" (Hébert 23). The conflict between Madame Rolland and Elisabeth reaches its peak as she/they are exhausted caring for Jérôme. The model wife image, based on Queen Victoria, is coming unglued.

Madame Rolland's struggle is portrayed in both religious and political terms. Queen Victoria, as the British figure-head and colonizer of the Dominion of Canada, is developed by Hébert in a complicated series of scenes as representative of the ideal image of virtuous motherhood as well as the head of the court that stands against the French (native and colonized) Elisabeth.¹² As an image of 'Mother,' Madame Rolland asks how she can be accused of offending the Queen:

Lorsqu'il est prouvé que je lui ressemble, comme une sœur, avec tous mes enfants autour de moi. Je ressemble à la reine d'Angleterre. Je me calque sur la reine d'Angleterre. Je suis fascinée par l'image de Victoria et de ses enfants. Mimétisme profond. Qui me convaincra de péché? (Hébert 34)

The external reality of colonizer and colonized is duplicated in Madame Rolland's psyche where she, a 'sister' of the Queen, stands against Elisabeth. The Queen acts as a model image for Madame Rolland to create herself into, a 'perfect imitation,' as well as the ultimate judge of Elisabeth's behaviour. Thus all acts by Elisabeth are done "against the peace of our said Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity" (Hébert 32). This relationship of colonizer/colonized is due to come unhinged, for, as her daughter, Anne-Marie ("une peste") points out, the image of Madame Rolland is in disarray, the "la fausse représentation démasquée," which revealed to the children the "l'envers de l'image de Victoria" (Hébert 34). The 'backside' is the shadow of the perfect Mother, the submerged layers of female desire, Hébert was aware, hidden beneath the surface of Québécoise women in the nineteenth-century. This shadow is the split that occurs when women are colonized by their country, their society, their religion and their husbands.

Therefore also at war within Elisabeth are two opposing archetypes, the Virgin/Whore polarity that characterizes Western culture. The image of the Virgin is Mary, the Mother, whose iconography permeates French Catholicism. Statuettes of the Virgin are everywhere present in Madame Rolland's home, particularly in the maids' rooms, where, along with other accoutrements, they are "l'arsenal des vieilles filles pauvres" (Hébert 41). Because the virgin archetype excludes sexuality, it can be

understood as the model image, the archetypal form women should assume. Since Madame Rolland cast herself into this role when she married Jérôme, she must, with great effort, perpetuate this image, particularly as he lies dying: she will not allow her role to falter. She will care for him, prove her devotion; she will

Le recevoir dans mes bras. Son corps de crucifié trop gras. Et moi une pitié
sauvage, défigurée par les larmes. Nous sauver tous les deux. (Hébert 38)

The Virgin as mourning mother is an aspect of the archetype but it reduces women to mothers of their spouses if the archetypal pattern is adhered to unconsciously. In the nineteenth-century women could be buried beneath the weight of the image of the Virgin, their identities submerged within religious dogma and conditioning. Madame Rolland plays the role to the hilt. While much of her response is an act, part of the theatre that she must resort to in order to survive, she is inculcated within the role. The wife that she is weeps but is cold, unfeeling, is "une machine qui s'agite" (Hébert 37).

The Elisabeth that Madame Rolland once was is still present, still engaged with her senses: she can be enraptured with the textures and tastes of food, like "[d]es petits pois! Et des framboises!" (Hébert 37). She is the passionate, powerful woman who terrifies Jérôme. The 'whore' aspect of the polarity is a powerful sexuality which was very much a natural expression of Elisabeth's nature, although in marriage to Jérôme sexual expression was merely to be endured. Elisabeth is the part of Madame Rolland that recognizes the roles she plays within the marital and religious system she is forced to partake in, for respectability, but was once revolting against. This terrible split between

motherhood and sexuality is played out on the pages of *Kamouraska*, where Hébert tells Elisabeth's story inside the boundaries of Madame Rolland's model life.

Madame Rolland's memories begin to rise in a tide that she has managed to suppress until exhaustion weakens her defences. For all of her second marriage Madame Rolland has depended upon her husband to protect her from herself yet she can admit:

Mon petit Jérôme je puis bien te l'avouer maintenant, sans toi je serais morte de terreur. Dévorée, déchiquetée par les cauchemars. L'épouvante se lève comme un orage! (Hébert 30).

Nightmares return her to her childhood and her first marriage, with the memories of the brutal murder that she has suppressed. She feels utterly alone "sans le recours à l'homme, sans le secours de l'homme (Hébert 30).

The moment that marks Madame Rolland's break from the present, her descent into the unconscious of dreams and memories, with Elisabeth's resurrection of intensely lived life before she became Madame Rolland, is framed by the color red. The red room and the symbolism of blood and womb is similiar in its effect to Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. In fact, the 'native' Bertha Mason who paces, moans, roars at the blood-red full moon and longs for her freedom is a parallel image to the raging Elisabeth who feels like a caged beast in her familial home as well as in her marriages to Antoine Tassy and Jérôme Rolland. Both female characters must be kept at bay, like animals, in order that the English personality might emerge as the victor in the colonized world.

As Madame Rolland enters an almost psychedelic dream of repressed memory, she recognizes that her "mains dans la lueur" are red, "comme dans une eau rouge" (Hébert

40). Like Lady Macbeth, Madame Rolland has blood on her hands: in a similiar drive for power and release from an intolerable life, she weaves a diabolical plot of murder.

But first, the dream returns Madame Rolland to another series of womb images: her mother and the family home of her aunts. She sees the house where she was born on Rue Augusta and she is dismayed:

Ma vie! Toute ma vie dans son tumulte et sa fureur m'attend là, derrière les volets fermés de la rue Augusta. Une bête sauvage qu'on a enfermée et qui guette dans l'ombre pour vous sauter dessus. Ne puis-je fuir cette époque de ma vie? Retrouver le lieu de ma naissance? Le doux état tranquille devant ma naissance? (Hébert 51)

Notice the comparison made between Elisabeth's passion and "une bête sauvage" that must be locked up. We will discover what a brave and energetic child Elisabeth once was, and the conditioning that her family forced upon her. Here it is important to note that the image of the beast was a comparison made as the novel opened, where Madame Rolland felt that the people passing by on the street saw her as an animal, "comme une bête curieuse" (Hébert 7). This energy is so powerful that it must be restrained; it is the kind of energy that Elisabeth contends with every night in her dreams. Because it is a type of female energy that is not trusted, not respected, it is to be feared by patriarchal structures, both societal and religious. We will return to the image of the beast, both as female energy and as the animal that can devour, control, destroy. This energy is so strong that for eighteen years Madame Rolland felt "le monde se diviser en deux haies pour me voir passer." Always ready with an ironical comment, she further remarks to herself that the splitting represents "[l]a mer Rouge qui se fend en deux pour que l'armée

sainte traverse" (Hébert 8). In the passage above Elisabeth also imagines that returning to where she was born would take her to the gentle, "état tranquille" before her birth. Like Rose's imagination of the "gentle" time before her mother's death, she is looking for some peace. But the truth is that her "mère en grand deuil me porte dans son ventre, comme un fruit son noyau. Cette petite a poussé dans un cocon de crêpe" (Hébert 51). She also recalls her mother fainting when they remove her father's coffin from the house, and, as she thinks,

[e]t moi, bien enfermée à double tour, je lui donne des coups de pied dans le foie. Pour la réveiller. Je me démène comme un cabri. (Hébert 51)

Because Elisabeth's mother gave up on her own life at the age of seventeen, she was 'asleep' both to her own needs and to her daughter's. Elisabeth never did "wake" her: the black womb of her pre-birth existence extends into her life after birth.

The first words she recalls hearing in her life are: "Quelle petite fille malfaisante!" (Hébert 51). She runs wild, according to her aunts, so, at age seven or eight, an endless stream of nannies is replaced by her three maiden aunts who "embrassent" and "cajolent" Elisabeth but who smell of "la naphthaline et le pain d'épice." Elisabeth recalls them as "[é]mouvantes, odorantes . . . [m]es trois tantes, la peau presque fraîche, sur des os d'oiseaux. Leurs yeux de jais tout ronds et brillants, fixés sur moi" (Hébert 53). This description renders the aunts into crow-like forms who are always hovering over and pecking at their niece. Elisabeth will also recognize the aunts as "[t]rois corps d'oiseaux momifiés dans leurs plumes ternies" (Hébert 97). They are strict, black-robed and insist

on a proper growing up that includes English and Catechism. The aunts are attempting to groom their niece for marriage and a place in society, yet ultimately they are creating Elisabeth in their likeness as they would have preferred her to have had a daughter, in her first marriage, so that the "la dynastie des femmes seules" could continue "éternellement, dans la maison de la rue Augusta" (Hébert 98).

Out of the maelstrom of images and feelings that Elisabeth/Madame Rolland is submerged in, drugged, half awake, half asleep, her little girl self emerges "dans cet air gris quie se raréfie" of the house on rue Augusta. She says: "Une enfant qui est moi me regarde, bien en face, et me sourit gravement. M'oblige à écouter la voix légère et solennelle que je croyais perdue." As the woman and the child are conjoined, Elisabeth participates in the bodily reality of the little girl child dressed for Communion. I, she observes, "ne puis faire un mouvement" because "[d]ans sa main lourde, dans mon bras pétrifié, doucement meurt l'esquisse vaine d'un signe de croix" (Hébert 58). The heavy-handed religious conditioning that the child receives paralyzes her; such conditioning is soulless, life-denying. But the child's reality cannot be recovered. Madame Rolland longs to be able to:

Me libérer. Retrouver l'enfance libre et forte en moi. La petite fille aux cheveux tondus s'échappant de la maison par une fenêtre. Pour rejoindre les gamins de Sorel. (Hébert 123)

The little girl dressed for Communion just wants to go fishing, like she used to do, before the aunts, before the grey mausoleum of a house, before she was taught to be a proper young lady. Madame Rolland longs for that time to return, for her feelings to

return as she searches for "[l]a vraie vie qui est sous le passé" (Hébert 104). When her memories first begin to surface, when she begins to realize that she cannot hold back the tide of her past that is pushing through the silence of the present she thinks:

Mon Dieu est-ce donc possible que rien ne s'efface en nous? On vit comme si de rien n'était et voici que le poison au fond du cœur remonte soudain. . . .
(Hébert 27)

While Madame Rolland is forced to witness the effects of her own poison, she is also witnessing the dark reality forced upon her through the women in her life. She was raised to be a lady, a princess, an innocent, a doll, and to play the role of a wife. Her marriage was a game that she played at because she had no knowledge of what happened after the wedding: she was raised to be a child dressed up like a woman. When, in dream and memory she follows her lover, George Nelson, on his mission to kill Antoine, she will say to herself:

Tout cela est une affaire d'homme. Un règlement de comptes entre hommes. Je veux bien attendre ici, au bord de la route (comme une petite fille sage, perdue dans la neige), que l'exécution d'Antoine soit terminée. (Hébert 233)

Being a child-woman means the exclusion of certain behaviours, characteristics and knowledge. The aunts therefore "ferme la porte" to the presence of Aurélie Caron, because, at fifteen, "elle en sait autant sur la vie que les morts eux-mêmes" (Hébert 59). Aurélie is wild, a comparison once made of Elisabeth, therefore people say that she is "une sorcière" (Hébert 63). Aurélie is a marginal aspect of Elisabeth, a part of the more primitive country community with its folklore and traditions. Aurélie smokes a pipe and knows if babies will live or die after birth by their taste: she says, "moi, je les lèche, de

la tête aux pieds, les bébés" (63). She is Elisabeth's shadow counterpart who will be used as a scapegoat, for Elisabeth thinks that Aurélie can bear the burden of Antoine's murder by convincing her to give him poison (which does not accomplish the deed). "Ne savez-vous donc pas qu'il est parfois utile que les petites sorcières naissent et meurent?" she says to George, "[a]pparaissent sur terre, le temps de porter le crime et la mort, en notre nom?" (Hébert 187).

Aurélie's knowledge extends to boys, a topic that Elisabeth knows nothing about. She will marry Antoine Tassy with absolutely no knowledge about womanhood or life in general. She remembers how she took her little girl self off to "la messe at au catéchisme." She ruminates about being protected with religion from life: "Je te cache la vie et la mort derrière de grands paravents, brodés de roses et d'oiseaux exotiques." As for babies, therefore,

[c]e sont les sauvages qui laissent tomber les nouveau-nés dans le lit des mères.
Tu sais bien, les tout-petits-petits, à la face chiffonnée, qu'on trouve au matin,
enveloppés de langes et de lain blanche? (Hébert 69)

Madame Rolland reflects on "[l]es fables. Les fables de Dieu et celles des hommes" (Hébert 69). With no knowledge about a woman's life, Elisabeth is given in marriage to a man she does not know; she is completely unprepared for the shock of the brutality she will experience in her married life.

Black draped women and homes extend into her marriage. As the squire's wife, she shares his manor home at Kamouraska with his mother, Madame Tassy. Caroline des Rivières Tassy is an extension of Elisabeth's mother who mourned her husband's death

as if it were her life's calling. Madame Tassy, after her son's death, will wear mourning veils that drape to the ground--she will appear to Elisabeth in that guise. Like Elisabeth's aunts, she is small, shrunken, her face dry as sand (Hébert 79). She, too, is compared to a bird; after Antoine's death she appears "[p]iteuse comme un oiseau tondu" (Hébert 231). With the women portrayed as birds, creatures of the air and not of the earth, we recognize that never were they women, never did they express their fullest female natures in whatever manner they might have chosen, if given the chance. Antoine will see the three little aunts as nuns indistinguishable each from the other.

Like Elisabeth's mother who was defeated at seventeen, who did not believe in love, Madame Tassy does not care for the passions of the heart, or feelings of any kind (Hébert 37). All expression is "le théâtre" (Hébert 78). Elisabeth will recognize her as a "vieille sorcière"; she understands that when Antoine returns to his mother's home he exists "[s]ous l'œil perçant de Mme mère Tassy" (Hébert 245, 202). In this woman who is described as dead to her own life, we find the archetypal devouring mother: she is a woman who has destroyed her son and it is Elisabeth who will bear the brunt of his rage, the rage that he dare not direct towards his mother. Madame Tassy has only one piece of advice for Elisabeth:

Il s'agit de conserver ses distances avec tout ce qui est choquant et grossier. Ignorer tout simplement. Ceux qui vous disent que à vie est belle ne font pas autrement. Mettez-vous bien cela dans la tête et vous serez heureuse. Quoi que mon fils fasse contre vous, sa femme. (Hébert 78-9)

Because the mother has effectively turned her back on her son, he has no boundaries; he will do whatever he pleases whenever he pleases with whomever he pleases. This includes keeping company with prostitutes, drinking until he cannot stand up, beating and berating his wife, giving her clothes to prostitutes and holding a knife to her throat. While Elisabeth was very pregnant with their first child, he disappeared with a fifteen year old village girl who died in his company. Madame Tassy "fait immédiatement le nécessaire pour étouffer le scandale": with this tacit permission for her son to do as he pleases she is therefore condoning his acts (Hébert 79). After she hears about the young girl's death, Elisabeth suspects her mother-in-law has emitted what could be a laugh: "A peine un petit tremblement au coin de la bouche, une sorte de plissement imperceptible, sur sa joue parcheminée" (Hébert 79).

When Elisabeth first meets Antoine Tassy, his face is described as "gras et rose" and "[c]ette lippe d'enfant boudeur" (Hébert 67). He is a baby-faced young man with a hidden nature or counterpart of violence. The man is a brute who terrorizes his wife; he takes pleasure in being cruel and will then apologize, cry, beg forgiveness. His fits of anger and rage are repented over with "larmes de crocodile" (Hébert 99). Elisabeth says: "Il dit que c'est un bénitier. Il dit aussi que je suis belle et bonne et qu'un jour il me tuera." His mother's response, as usual, "ne cesse de répéter: Il faut garder ses distances. Ce qui entre par une oreille doit tout de suite sortir par l'autre..." (Hébert 83). The psychological term for a man caught in this behavior is the "puer aeternus,"¹³ the

eternal boy, whose mother makes everything all right again--even if a young girl is dead. A major, though not the only, problem of the puer is the mother.¹⁴

A mother does have a specific responsibility when raising her son: "She must develop within herself a conscious and mature individuality if she is not to hamper her child with a crippling mother fixation" (Harding 191). Without a maturity "that puts her own psychological house in order," she can "jeopardize his soul" (Harding 191). It is a truth that, "[f]or the mother as much as for the son, lifelong mothering is a denial of her own wholeness," observes Rich (*Of Woman Born* 211). Yet, because women have been and are trapped in a society that forces them to mother, often in poverty, without male support, many do not have the energy nor the opportunity to develop their identities beyond that of mothering. The Apollonic, Cartesian consciousness of centuries past, as well as modern society, holds "maternal altruism [as] the one quality universally approved and supported in women" (Rich, *Of Woman Born* 212). These familial soul problems lead to profound wounding and loss of soul in the son.

Antoine's soul is indeed in 'jeopardy.' While he and Elisabeth battle each other, Elisabeth attempts to protect herself as Antoine goes through a period of withdrawal in which he is "[t]out occupé en lui-même à chercher en vain cette chose intolérable qui l'avilit à la racine même de sa vie" (Hébert 146). He is suicidal, wounded to the depths of his soul; he will do anything without his mother taking notice or putting up boundaries in order to stop him. Elisabeth realizes that "Antoine rendrait tripes et boyaux à ses pieds, sur le tapis, que sa mère ne lui adresserait pas un reproche" (Hébert 90). He has

no limits. Since his mother holds all the power in the home she constantly reminds both of the young people that *she*, not Elisabeth, is the mistress of Kamouraska. The mother also lets them know that, as far as she is concerned, they both are "des marionnettes" and she will not help them in any way (Hébert 85).

Madame Tassy is therefore characterized as the ultimate devouring mother. "In nature the prototype of this aspect of the mother is seen in the animal which eats her newborn young" informs Esther Harding, who continues with the insight that "in human life today [this prototype is] in the woman who considers her child to be her puppet, her plaything, her unique possession" (185). With this attitude all feeling in the son is destroyed. As he has no soul life, he is caught in a perpetual storm of rage. With the character descriptions of Antoine and his devouring mother, Hébert further enlarges the atrocities committed in the name of religion and colonization. The woman who cannot find self-expression in her life, who is limited to the role of Mother, despite any other desires she may have, becomes destructive. The terrible repressiveness of the society decimates soul life. As the mother is dead to her own deeper instincts and nature, so she kills the life about her.

Anyone in the region of a Madame Tassy cannot flourish. Soul cannot be nourished for Madame Tassy is a soulless being with a great deal of negative or pseudo power, particularly in Elisabeth's life. For example, as Madame Rolland is rendered helpless to partake of the scenes that avail themselves before her eyes, the ruins of the Manor house at Kamouraska surface where she sees:

Quelque part dans la muraille, un point fixe, vivant, quoique pierreux, est braqué sur moi. Au cran d'arrêt. Chevillé dans la pierre. Soudain cela bouge. Un lézard, sans doute, caché entre les pierres et qui dégringole maintenant la muraille. En zigzags prestes. Il va tomber à mes pieds. Seigneur! Les ruines semblent s'animer toutes à présent. Ce petit point vivant qui se décide à bouger éveille à mesure les murs qui sont encore debout. Les pierres noircies léchées par le feu. Tout comme si les ruines entières . . .

Son petit œil marron, rivé sur moi, ses grosses paupières plissées qui ne clignent pas. Ma belle-mère est vivante. Elle émerge de la pierre calcinée. Couleur de poussière, dressée de toute sa filiforme et frétilante petite personne. (Hébert 77)

Madame Tassy is described as a cold-blooded animal that cannot be destroyed. She not only is a part of the wasted home that lies in ruins about her, she *is* the home. She is looming up out of Elisabeth's unconscious like a black witch who is bringing to life the memories of destruction and pain that marked every moment of Elisabeth's life in her association with her and her son.

As Madame Rolland lies in the maid's room, plunged as she is within a half-awake half-dream state, the image of her mother-in-law hovers over her; she re-experiences her sixteen year-old self as a bride and feels the same fear as at Kamouraska. Madame Rolland cringes as Madame Tassy's eye stares at her; she says, "je crains un instant qu'elle n'abatte sa lourde canne sur mon dos" (Hébert 78). Madame Roland was quite correct when she considered that certain memories and feelings never die. As a woman she still cringes from the power that her mother-in-law once wielded.

Elisabeth was always conscious of being "sous l'œil perçant de Madame mère Tassy" watching the marriage and watching her (Hébert 76). Under this eye the two young people are constantly fighting. The power that dominates the home dominates their

marriage, to the extent that Elisabeth becomes desperately aware, for her and Antoine, "[ç]a ne peut continuer comme cela. Il faudra bien faire une fin, choisir le point du cœur et y déposer la mort. Tranquillement. Le premier des deux époux qui mettra son projet à exécution sera sauvé (Hébert 76). The need for power, for control, for escape, begins to work within Elisabeth who becomes split between her inner desires and the face she turns towards the world. She will play the games of theatre that Madame Tassy despises.

In the maid's room she tells the shade of Madame Tassy:

Et moi, je suis une femme de théâtre. Émotions, fièvres, cris, grincements de dents. Je ne crains rien. Sauf l'ennui. J'irai jusqu'au bout de ma folie. C'est une obligation que j'ai. Je suis lancée. Puis je me rangerai. Je redeviendrai Mme. Rolland. Je suis déjà rangée. Je suis Mme. Rolland. Quant à Antoine Tassy, votre fils, c'est aussi un homme de théâtre, livré aux gestes et aux vociférations de ses passions. (Hébert 78)

Madame Rolland speaks to Madame Tassy, black-robed, veiled woman to black-robed veiled woman. Madame Rolland is defending herself. Theatre is passion, feeling, but is also a drama enacted to the point of madness. Madame Rolland regains control. However, in the drama played out in memory, Elisabeth pretends to be the happy wife of the squire of Kamouraska while rancour grows in her heart: arm in arm they leave church together. But Elisabeth is

La jeune épouse [qui] sourit doucement, encore toute pâlotte de ses couches. Le cœur souterrain, l'envers de la douceur, sa doublure violente. Votre fin visage, Elisabeth d'Aulnières. Mince pelure d'ange sur la haine. A fleur de peau. (Hébert 91)

Elisabeth and Antoine are both caught in the marital drama presided over by Madame Tassy. Like Antoine, Elisabeth develops her own violent nature. But, because, Elisabeth

is informed by Madame Tassy, along with the speech about turning her back, that her "fils est un bon garçon," Elisabeth is at fault in the marriage, no matter what happens (Hébert 78).

Interestingly, as Madame Rolland wakes from this memory of her violent self growing under the skin of her angelic demeanor, her daughter enters the room because she has heard her mother screaming. The child is frightened because "Mme Rolland montre une tête de méduse, émergeant de la robe de chambre en bataille" (Hébert 93). The reader perceives that Madame Rolland has become the image of the black-robed, veiled and angry women that so controlled her as a child and young woman. Like her mother as a very young widow, Elisabeth too will be dressed in black mourning clothes after Antoine's death (and Jérôme's impending demise); she will see herself become "[a]ttendrissante et pâle," learning her "rôle de veuve" (Hébert 247).

The image of Medusa that Hébert establishes at this point in the narrative is tragically correct, for Medusa, like Elisabeth, was once a beautiful woman who expressed her passion freely. Her 'crime' was to make love with Poseidon in the sacred confines of a temple, Athena's temple. With the image of Medusa we are once more returned to the problem of sexuality and sexual expression for women of the nineteenth-century; a problem that has yet to be solved in the psyche of modern women. The story of Medusa and Athena comes to us from the pantheon of the archetypal Greek family in the process of a change represented in the relationship of the two goddesses. Athena, born fully formed from her father's head, represents "an important turning point in human

consciousness" suggests Evangeline Kane, for "she has become the most revered feminine archetype in our culture, aligned with the father's world but unfortunately oblivious of her own history" which is "mother roots" (7). Athena was once also known as Metis or Medusa, but "she rejected the Medusa principle" along with the temple where priestesses wore the Aegis, or goat's shield, "ornamented with the oracular serpents which served as aprons and chastity belts": the Aegis "was considered a badge of divine power" (Kane 7). This power was connected with the roots of mother-wisdom. With Athena's birth from the head of patriarchal authority, these roots were severed. In the act of punishing Medusa, because of her choice to enact her sexuality within a sacred enclave, Athena further separated body and spirit. Kane suggests that Medusa's "action might be looked at as a very progressive move to integrate the forces of the unconscious with spirituality and Logos" (7). Unfortunately, Kane has noticed, Athena

in her over-identification with her father, dealt with Medusa's integrative action in a manner that is often reenacted by present day Athenas when they become alienated from their body, their sexuality, and their mothers--that is, banishing them to the realms of the unconscious, preferring to live over-intellectualized lives reflecting the chauvinism that dominates their milieu. (7)

Medusa's repression, as a feminine archetype, before her representation with a head full of snakes, is a tragic one for women who so often think within a framework that aligns them with the father principle--the Athena archetype--and Apollonic consciousness. To banish Medusa to the unconscious is to banish soulful possibilities of the integration of mother, sexuality, and the mind in a harmonious whole. Thus, when Madame Rolland is described as a Medusa, with a head full of writhing snakes, we understand that the

woman who would celebrate her sexuality, Elisabeth, is banished to the unconscious. In this psychic process the conscious woman, Madame Rolland, represents a constricting moral restraint.

As the series of dreams continues, Elisabeth, in her relationship with Dr. George Nelson, begins to throw off her Madame Rolland self and to rejoice in her sexual expression. Here is Elisabeth describing and discarding Madame Rolland:

Foulée aux pieds la défroque de Mme. Rolland. Aux orties le corset de Mme. Rolland. Au musée son masque de plâtre. Je ris et je pleure, sans vergogne. J'ai des bas roses à jours, une large ceinture sous les seins. Je me déchaîne. J'habite la fièvre et la démence, comme mon pays natal. J'aime un autre homme que mon mari. (Hébert 115)

This description, better than any other, presents Madame Rolland to the reader through Elisabeth's eyes, with her asexual clothing, her frozen countenance, the mask she must wear for the theatre of the front, the virtuous wife that she has become, and the bone ribbing that she must wear to keep herself contained. Elisabeth lives inside this hard outer surface, with her pink stockings and very little expression, until Madame Rolland joins her in dream where Elisabeth tosses off her shell. The two aspects of one woman are therefore separated in a distance of extremes: Madame Rolland with her hard, virtuous, innocent demeanor is contrasted with Elisabeth's passions and her growing proclivities towards violence.

BODY, SOUL AND VIOLENCE

Madame Rolland, when we are first introduced to her, is convinced that she is still in one piece, that "[l]'épreuve de l'horreur" left her "une chair incorruptible": she has survived, intact (Hébert 10). The statement is amazing, remarkable, for we have met a woman who is racked in her suffering, who is tormented by the life she has left behind. When Madame Rolland further declares "[m]on âme n'a pas encore rejoint mon corps," we nod in agreement (Hébert 10). Yes, this is closer to the truth, for her soul has not 'connected' or 'caught up' with her body and is indeed in torment; but her body has closed out her soul's intense nightly suffering. Daily Madame Rolland does everything she can to ignore the truths that her psyche pushes forward in dreams. Her nightmares, brutal in their assault, reveal that Madame Rolland's soul is literally twisting in pain and suffering. One of the first dreams, complete with her ever-present judges, describes a scene of torture where:

Une femme, poitrine découverte, s'appuie de dos à une planche. Ses mains sont liées derrière son dos. La foule qui a cessé de rire, retient son souffle. Les trois juges, en perruque de ficelle blanche, se penchent et regardent concentrés, attentifs, comme si le sort du monde allait se jouer à l'instant. Quelqu'un d'invisible lance des poignards à la femme, clouée à la planche. Vise son sœur. (Hébert 49)

This torturous scene suggests that the order of the world is in question. And it is, for Madame Rolland's entire orientation is tumbling down while her husband lies dying. The bare-breasted woman suggests an image of her suffering, for, when Madame Rolland

wakens she feels a terrible pain in her breast. The dream, then, further reveals the body-soul relationship while also describing the psychic forces that continually disturb her sleep, as felt physically in the body. Madame Rolland is being forced to confront the pain in her heart. But her soul has not 'caught up' with her body, which leaves the consideration of how alive she truly is in her body, if, in fact, she is embodied at all. The body is the container for the soul but if the body has become rigid, petrified, as certainly Madame Rolland's has become, the soul is not alive.¹⁵ A suspicion begins that perhaps Elisabeth is the soulful aspect of Madame Rolland, in fact, is the soul of Madame Rolland.

At one point Elisabeth suffered so deeply in her relationship with Antoine that she left her body in order to survive. Because she was absolutely terrorized, her only desire, she says, was: "Je me suis juré de garder les yeux fermés et de faire en quelque sorte que je quitte mon corps" (Hébert 109). The judges, perhaps the objective psyche within Madame Rolland, force Elisabeth to recall this time and to recall when she met George Nelson:

Soit, on me force à revivre mes premières rencontres avec George Nelson. Je ne serai pas plus là qu'une âme chassée de son corps et qui erre dans des greniers étrangers, en compagnie des chauves-souris. (Hébert 109)

Elisabeth became a creature of the air, not of the earth, as she was completely disembodied. The verb "chasser" suggests several connotations which reveal that her soul was literally 'hunted,' 'cast out' or 'expelled' from her body. Elisabeth also feels that "[m]a vie est ailleurs. Toute retirée dans un lieu vague. Une espèce de campagne

désaffectée où l'effroi fait des ombres chinoises" (Hébert 109-10). She is describing a bodiless existence: her soul lives elsewhere in a 'theatre of shadows,' for she is beyond herself, as was Rose, when the body experiences too much terror.

The pattern of Apollo pursuing Daphne emerges with these images, for Elisabeth, like Daphne, has become vegetative nature. In effect, she has vaporized into the air and into the earth. The body must be alive, breathing, and aware of its passions in order to ensoul one's life. But for Elisabeth, battered as she was in relationship, her body, the very image of abandoned nature, could only be deserted. We will return to the image of abandoned countryside again. It is her relationship with George that makes Elisabeth breathe again: "Dans la respiration profonde est justement le danger. Cela m'apaise et me désarme trop. Je risque de voir ma vie revenir au galop" (Hébert 109). It is breath that brings the body back to life, breath that brings Elisabeth back to her life with the powerful passions of her body. As Madame Rolland returns to Elisabeth in dreams, it becomes more and more obvious that it is Elisabeth who represents all feeling for Madame Rolland, who ensouls her very existence. Madame Rolland's observation, that body and soul are not together, becomes ever more apparent.

Madame Rolland is convinced, as she relives her memory of her love for George, that

[j]'habite ailleurs. Un lieu précis. Un temps révolu. Aucun prestige de la mémoire ne pourrait réussir cela. Il s'agit de la possession de ma vie réelle. De ma fuite parfaite de la rue du Parloir. (Hébert 163)

These words bring to mind the passage quoted at the beginning of the section " Elisabeth and the Black Womb," where Madame Rolland is convinced that she wants to escape her home and search for her love "à l'autre bout du monde." To live this "vie réelle" means entering a split existence, an existence that is bodiless, for she can relive her feelings and passions only in the mind, only in dream.

Elisabeth developed a tendency to leave the body behind, as above, for example, when she was battered by Antoine and could not bear her physical reality. She began to prefer to split herself, to leave her body and live in spirit, for she discovered that she could divide herself and still survive. When, in her mind, she follows George on his deadly mission she decides:

C'est le moment où il faut se dédoubler franchement. Accepter cette division définitive de tout mon être. J'explore à fond le plaisir singulier de faire semblant d'être là. J'apprends à m'absenter de mes paroles et de mes gestes, sans qu'aucune parole ou geste paraisse en souffrir. (Hébert 196)

Layers of split selves begins to emerge in the drama of Madame Rolland's life. This passage reveals the moment when Elisabeth realized that she could live another existence in her mind without being detected; this moment is the birth of Madame Rolland as disguise, as an image of innocence and virtue with the tragic loss of her soul in the process, for Elisabeth cannot return to the body.

In splitting herself, living outside herself and her physical existence in this manner, she is perhaps attempting to ensoul her life with a meaning that otherwise she would not find. Elisabeth located another power, the power of her mind with a will that would

enable her to live inside her dreams, as Madame Rolland reliving Elisabeth, and as Elisabeth following the image of her beloved, her 'real life.' Elisabeth empowered herself with ritual, as she followed George, with a litany of village names repeated over and over like "on récite un chapelet, grain après grain" (Hébert 196).

With the discovery of her power, Elisabeth will enact the ritualistic drama of hunter and hunted, murderer and victim. As violence was done to her, so will she partake of violence. The violent nature and pattern of her relationship seemed to have existed for her entire life; it is as if she were born into her role and were forced to play it through for her lifetime. For example, when Antoine threatens Elisabeth with a knife at her throat in the middle of the night, she thinks that he "[c]ela n'a plus rien d'humain," has stepped beyond human bounds. Elisabeth is certain that: "La lame de rasoir aurait fort bien pu se trouver là, dans la chambre. Suspendue par un fil, au-dessus de mon lit, de toute éternité . . ." (Hébert 118). In order to escape Antoine's inhumanity, Elisabeth will turn the knife toward the hunter and become not the prey, not the hunted, but the hunter herself.

The image of the huntress appeared when Elisabeth and Antoine first met: Antoine's friends call her "'la chasseresse.'" It is as though the image of Elisabeth in her later role was foretold, as if the two young people were destined to enact the violent ritual of murder and murderer, the hunter and the hunted (Hébert 66). With the image of the huntress we are reminded of Artemis who "represents the mystic, primitive identity of hunter and hunted" (Downing 164).

Artemis, as Apollo's twin sister, appears to partake of her brother's structure of consciousness, for they share "an ambivalent relationship: partners on the one hand, adversaries on the other" (Schapira 126). Because Artemis was a pre-patriarchal goddess, some of her matriarchal qualities remain, particularly as the "Lady of the Wild Things": she runs with the animals and protects their domain against Apollonic consciousness. Most importantly, she does not become the animal, as Elisabeth will. In her Greek representation Artemis partially "adapted to patriarchal times by identifying with the aggressor. She learned to fight and hunt even better than a man. She perfected her skill with bow and arrow . . ." (Schapira 118). It is with this skill and identity "with the aggressor" that Artemis secretly colludes with her brother's structure of consciousness. However, in her matriarchal origins it is vital to recall that this was "the goddess who demanded blood, even human sacrifice, and would not hesitate to punish those who neglected her" as Agamemnon tragically discovered (Schapira 118). Artemis is therefore an archetypal mixture of both matriarchal and patriarchal consciousness, sometimes standing with Apollo, the very image of Apollonic consciousness, sometimes against: with her matriarchal origins she avenges Apollo's misogyny.

Elisabeth manifests her own curious mixture of matriarchal and patriarchal justice. As a woman empowered with the energy of the goddess, she too demands blood, a sacrifice of the man she called "un monstre," a monstrous beast who made many attempts to kill her (Hébert 236). But as the huntress, Elisabeth partakes of Apollonic consciousness; therefore she becomes the very image of what she is trying to destroy.

Elisabeth is caught in an ambiguous, perhaps unconscious identity with the goddess. Unconscious because she becomes bestial, possessed and animalistic in order to carry out her plan, whereas Artemis never assumes such an identity. With the archetypal energy represented by Artemis, Elisabeth was the feminine force that drew Antoine and George together, once again, to finish the quarrel between them that began when they were school boys.

Archetypal patterns emerge in the web of relationship between Elisabeth and the men in her life. The idea that the three form a triptych or archetypal pattern, the animus in Madame Rolland's psyche, is presented by Hébert, who uses the word "triptyque!" to describe the "[l]'homme éternel," "[u]n long serpent unique se reformant sans fin, dans ses anneaux," who takes her and then abandons her again and again (Hébert 31). Through her relationships with these men Elisabeth experiences different facets of herself: her violent nature surfaces in her marriage to Antoine, her passion and her animal instincts emerge in her relationship with George, while her motherly role emerges with her marriage to Jérôme.

Elisabeth will become empowered through her relationship with her lover. Her sexual self, along with her proclivities towards violence are evident when Elisabeth declares her passion for George: "Le poids d'un homme sur moi. Son poil de bête noire. Son sexe dur comme une arme" (Hébert 159). Notice that she identifies violence with his body, not her own. As huntress, the Lady of the Beasts or Lady of the Wild Things, Elisabeth will persuade George to carry out her plan to murder her husband, as if the idea were

his. She convinces herself that, since Antoine and George were fated to become the hunter and hunted, ultimately the murder has nothing to do with her. She tells herself:

Tout cela d'ailleurs se passe hors de moi. Dans un pays lointain, plein de neige et de sang. Entre deux hommes liés entre eux par leur redoutable mystère étranger. S'ils allaient tous deux, à l'instant même, prendre deux visages semblables et fraternels? Deux visages d'homme envahis par quelque chose d'étrange et d'atroce qui les ravage et les transfigure à la fois: le goût de la mort. (Hébert 200)

As Elisabeth holds forth on her innocence, she convinces herself that their fate belongs to a mystery beyond their mortal existence. Yet the two men will be bound together in the ritual of murder, because in their souls they share "[u]ne muette, précoce expérience du désespoir" (Hébert 126). Despair binds their fates; however, in her power to reach beyond herself, Elisabeth presides over their relationship "[a]u-delà du temps" for she is "Mme Rolland" who "sais tout" because, she is aware: "J'ai ce pouvoir" (Hébert 126). If we consider the possibility of Elisabeth conjoined with the Artemis archetype, in other words, capable of lifting herself beyond her mortal limitations, while she is playing Goddess, in a theatre of life and death, her innocence in the drama is impossible.

When Madame Rolland was lying in the red room and was aghast to find her hands red, as if covered with blood, the first images to appear as she was swept away by the unconscious were of a blood-red *petit point rose*:

. . . une rose rouge éclatante, inachevée! Non, non, je ne puis supporter cela! S'éveillent la laine écarlate, les longues aiguillées, le patient dessin de la fleur de sang. (Hébert 42)

The blood-red rose represents a plan that Elisabeth worked at stitch by stitch: "Le projet rêvé et médité, à petits points, soir après soir, sous la lampe. Le meurtre imaginé et mis en marche à loisir. Tire la laine" (Hébert 42). The psyche, with the ever present witnesses, returns Madame Rolland to the plan that she conceived and worked at stitch by stitch, night after night, for she was weaving the design of her plot like a Goddess of Fate weaving the threads of destiny (Hébert 37). The psyche, therefore, will not allow Elisabeth to escape her past while claiming utter innocence and will not allow her to forget her true role in the drama of murder.

Thus dreams and nightmares plague Madame Rolland as they image for her the awesome power that she drew upon in order to accomplish her plan. A dream portrays her as a witch where her long red-blond hair becomes black. Like many of Madame Rolland's dreams and memories, the images pouring forth from her psyche are like fairy tales where the impossible becomes possible. Animals change shape, people metamorphose right before her eyes, both people and animals respond to the cries and calls she emits from her lips. For with the energy of Artemis she became witch-like, and like a Lilith figure with her long hair falling about her face, she witnesses herself saying:

Je suis une sorcière. Je crie pour faire sortir le mal où qu'il se trouve, chez les bêtes et les hommes . . . Toute les bêtes de la forêt convoquées . . . Ce cri dans ma poitrine. Cet appel. (Hébert 130-31)

Madame Rolland's power is revealed, a power so strong that she says to herself: "Je connais mon pouvoir et cela me fait trembler de peur" (Hébert 130). People are

"[f]ascinés, débusqués de leurs repaires de fausse bonté"; she can draw forth the evil, the shadow side of mankind that can lurk beneath a surface of benevolence (Hébert 130).

In her empowerment she is like the mythological Lilith, Adam's wife before Eve, who refused to be subservient and fled to the wilderness--a desert by the Red Sea, a "wasteland, drenched with blood" (Koltuv 26). A 'wasteland' of blood and snow is the landscape Elisabeth's soul inhabits, through her imagination, as the drama of murder unfolds. Lilith chose to live as an outcast in the wilderness rather than live beneath the power of the male. She is represented with a tremendous power over men and beasts and is "[t]he soul of all the beasts of the field and 'every living creature that creepeth.'" She symbolizes "the animating, instinctual, natural level of being." Her natural power is awesome--this is the power that the Elisabeth part of Madame Rolland draws upon in order to accomplish her plan. This instinctive, bestial female power is a "pulsating, throbbing, primal" state of being which belongs to the consciousness of the body, not that of the mind (Koltuv 8). In patriarchy and colonization, this instinctual, animal level of being is generally repressed or forced to wander, symbolically, in the wasteland of the deep unconscious. It is heavily controlled by the mind.

Bertha Mason in *Jane Eyre* exemplifies a Lilith consciousness and repression, because, as Spivak suggests, her "function . . . is to render indeterminate the boundary between human and animal and thereby to weaken her entitlement under the spirit if not the letter of the Law" (249). Caught as she is in Apollonic consciousness, this too will be Madame Rolland's judgment of Elisabeth, a judgment held by the collective

consciousness in which she lives: "Malfaisante Elisabeth! Femme maudite!" is the ultimate verdict placed on her head (Hébert 250).

The powerful, bestial energy that Lilith represents is not evil. Rather, because such power is perceived as animalistic, it is understood as evil and dangerous. It is dangerous to Apollonic consciousness. Dangerous because, with the archetypal energy of Artemis, the hunter may become the hunted. Such energy, if released, overthrows the order of things and can turn the tables on the patriarchal man. However, Elisabeth harnesses this energy within herself in order to encourage George to kill another. Ultimately this force is usurped for evil purposes and further enlarges the split between Madame Rolland and her passions for life.

Elisabeth follows George on his mission. In fact, the psyche forces her to follow as it overwhelms her, engulfs her in images of witnesses who bear judgment against her for George's crime. These witnesses gather about her as they force her to re-experience the crime as well as to see the body of her husband brought to Kamouraska; she describes them as all these people piled up who

respirent sur la face et m'examinent avec avidité. Ils prennent en secret des mesures exemplaires pour me sortir de mon lit. M'arracher à jamais de ma maison de la rue du Parlour. Très loin de mon pauvre mari qui . . . Projettent de m'emmener de force jusqu'à Kamouraska. Je sais que je n'y échapperai pas. Morte ou vive, je serai déportée sur Kamouraska. (Hébert 208-09)

Because Elisabeth, as Mme Rolland, still plays the innocent, she shuts her senses against the onslaught:

Tout au plus m'est-il permis de gagner du temps. Résister encore un peu. La force de l'inertie. Aveugle, sourde et muette, il faudra que l'on me traîne par les poignets. (Hébert 209)

As she followed George, she witnessed his engulfment in the preparations for murder; she is forced to see that: "Depuis longtemps déjà, George, emporté dans son traîneau, a franchi toutes les frontières humaines. Il s'enfonce dans une désolation infinie" (Hébert 197). "Ayant à se battre si tôt contre l'idée de la mort en lui," an image that may have been present before his birth, "dans le ventre de sa mère," George murders Antoine Tassy on the shores of the cove near Kamouraska (Hébert 201). During the ritual of the murder George was no longer human: he stepped beyond himself.

It is in this realm that Elisabeth's complicity is evident. Her response to George's inhumanity is coldly, starkly revealed when she witness's George's return:

L'odorat part en flèche, trouve sa proie. La découvre et la reconnaît. Lui fait fête. Accueille l'odeur de l'assassin. La sueur et l'angoisse, le goût fade du sang. Ton odeur, mon amour, ce relent fauve. Une chienne en moi se couche. Gémit doucement. Longtemps hurle à la mort. (Hébert 213)

Elisabeth was no longer in charge of her animal passions. She and George allowed the beast to overtake each of them: they both step beyond human limits.

When one human being kills another, "[i]n the moment when someone commits a murder he is identical with the Godhead and is not human," suggests Marie-Louise von Franz (*Shadow* 37). "People become the instruments of this darkness . . . [and] they are possessed, or completely identical" with the archetypal power of a god during the act (von Franz, *Shadow* 37). George, who had wanted to be a saint, became instead "du bête

sauvage" for some "Dieu noir" heard his prayer. Because Elisabeth, with her second sight, sees his teeth "comme les canines de chaque côté sont fortes et longues," she therefore recognizes his identity with a bestial power (Hébert 205). To accomplish the murder George becomes possessed of "la force surhumaine" and is the "Maître de la vie et de la mort" (Hébert 234). The black horse that pulls his black sleigh for his journey to Kamouraska metamorphoses into a winged beast as Elisabeth witnesses a cock upon the horses back fuse with the animal until they are seen as a single being (Hébert 191).

Hébert's amalgamation of cock and horse presents a powerful animal image of instinct gone awry. The cock, as a sun-symbol, a bird of the dawn, was regarded in the Middle Ages "as an allegory of vigilance and resurrection" of the spirit (Cirlot 51). In other words, the symbol of this bird represents the dawn of consciousness, transformation. This image is fused with George Nelson's powerful black horse, which may represent man's animal instincts, instincts which belong to "the natural, unconscious, instinctive zone" as well as to "the blind forces of primigenial chaos" (Cirlot 152). The amalgam of the two animals suggests winged unconscious impulses, or the release of unconscious, chaotic instincts. In fact, the horse, "as a symbol of the animal component in man, has numerous connections with the devil," suggests Jung (CW V 277, par. 421). Further, the cock, as a solar symbol representing a masculine hero, also stands for limits within time (Jung, CW V 197, par. 289; 281, par. 425). When we further consider the amalgam of the two animals, it is apparent that George, a metonymy

of the devil, is riding his impulses unconsciously: these impulses become evil. He is clearly imaged as stepping beyond human boundaries into the timeless realm of the gods.

The dark lord of death rides this beast, this animal that has become of the air, spirit--far beyond its normal animal limitations. After the murder George is mythologized by witnesses who believe "aux vertus surnaturelles du grand cheval noir," for it "emportant son démon de maître à l'intérieur des terres" (Hébert 238). In this character portrayal, elements of fairy tale and myth emerge in order to convey the ruthless power that George is endowed with, for he becomes a god, like Hades, as he returns under the earth, with his power over life and death.

Madame Rolland is forced to witness this truth as she is symbolically held fast, "entravés" (shackled), with all of her senses dead, save smell (Hébert 213). As she witnesses, she feels she is

le plus près possible qu'il me soit permis de l'être (sans mourir tout à fait) de mon propre néant. Je deviens translucide. Dénuée de toute réalité apparente. Dépossédée de toute forme, de toute épaisseur et profondeur. (Hébert 213)

The horror of the reality of the crime overwhelms her; she tries to be "[i]nvisible," unseen, "[m]e répéter que je suis morte (que rien ne peut plus m'atteindre). Non point blessée, ni même mourante, mais morte tout à fait" (Hébert 214). She attempts to be beyond all harm, therefore all judgment.

Madame Rolland abandons Elisabeth at Kamouraska forever at this point in the narrative. By trying to become invisible and shutting her body off and away from the speaking I, identified with her mind, the split between Madame Rolland and her body,

ensouled with the passions of Elisabeth, is complete. The truth that she cannot escape is that she was a part of the murder, in fact presided over it like a Goddess of Fate with the archetypal energy of Artemis' mystery of the hunt and Lilith's energy of bestial consciousness. The energies are symbolized with Elisabeth's bodily senses, her sense of smell, which flies like the arrow (Artemis' aegis), to the murderous scent of death in the heart of her lover, and her animal response: the howl within her. She willed the two men to play in the theatre of murder, the ritual enactment of murderous sacrifice: Antoine was "le sacrifice célébré," the holy sacrifice Elisabeth offered on the altar of her love for George (Hébert 11). Although she did not physically accompany George, she was present in spirit as she willed herself to experience his hand holding the gun, so that she was able to "[t]uer mon mari avec lui" (Hébert 200). Further, she abandoned her lover as she left him to suffer the consequences alone. Elisabeth felt that her fate was a condemnation "au masque froid de l'innocence. Pour le reste de ses jours" (Hébert 237). The mask is shaped to "[a]ccepter l'innocence en guise de revanche ou de punition. Jouer le jeu cruel, la comédie épuisante, jour après jour" (Hébert 249).

Madame Rolland's fate, with the trauma possessing her soul, is revealed in one of the last dreams she relates (partially quoted below):

En songe je redeviens blanche et bête comme une jeune fille à marier.
 Quelqu'un, que je ne vois pas, ajuste mon voile de tulle qui pend jusqu'à terre.
 Me cloue à même le front une couronne de fleurs d'oranger, à l'odeur musquée.
 Je dois passer sous un arceau de pierre, le diable à mon bras. Un bouquet
 d'abeilles endormies entre mes doigts. (Hébert 243)

Her bride-groom is George, but as soon as she realizes who her groom is, he is gone forever, for the dream escorts her into memories of losing him. But it was the Devil himself, acting in the traditional role of the father, who was giving away the bride. It seems that Madame Rolland is symbolically related to the masculine in a very powerful manner. In order to murder her husband, Elisabeth made a pact with the devil. She is literally related to this force: she is the spawn, the daughter of this power.

Elisabeth made a pact with the devil in two distinct ways. First, she colluded with George, a metonymic figure for the Devil, in order to destroy the evil that she perceived in her husband. In this pact she sought to live her life with her lover. But as the dream above reveals, the deeper relationship was with the Devil in her own psyche. As father, or in the role of a father, the Devil represents Elisabeth / Madame Rolland's incest wound. By colluding with this force, by consciously allowing herself to be possessed, she lost the very relationship, the marriage, that she was attempting to gain.

The Devil "symbolizes the dark force of the psyche, the predator . . . [and] is an archetypal bandit who needs, wants, sucks light (Estés 397). The Devil is attracted to this "light" in woman's soul. Similiar to Apollonic consciousness, which 'kills' the image it pursues, the Devil is hypnotized, like the proverbial moth to the flame, with "the glow of a woman's creative life, her wild soul, her physical beauty, her intelligence, or her generosity" (Estés 398). As a "predator," the Devil was attracted to Elisabeth's passion, her wildness, and her great physical beauty. Because she allowed herself to walk with

this predator in her soul, hoping for marriage with her beloved, Elisabeth sacrificed all that she had hoped to gain.

Beyond the traditional Christian constraints of the devil image, we find Lucifer, the fallen angel, symbolically the bringer of light (Latin for light-bearer). As Lucifer, this image representing her psyche could bring her out of the darkness she is lost in. The Devil is therefore, like Janus, a god with two faces. Elisabeth could have chosen a different route, one other than murder, and the god would have turned his other face. Of course, this is not the story; Elisabeth was trapped in the Apollonic parameters of her milieu and there she remained.

Bees are an ancient feminine symbol, which, along with butterflies, represent a Mycenaean cult of Aphrodite (Friedrich 27). Bees thus symbolize a relationship with another face of the feminine, Aphrodite, the Goddess of procreation and relationship. The dream also conjoins maternity with passion: Madame Rolland is accompanied by her children and nurses her smallest at her full breast as she is being married. But as the dream dissolves into images of loss, it seems that Madame Rolland is left with the loss of her passionate self.

Madame Rolland wakes from her memories (though she would rather stay in the dream world and for a while had held a pillow over her eyes and ears, so she could hear and see nothing). It is her daughter, Ann-Marie, who "insiste pour me sortir de la nuit, tout à fait"; the child will not allow her mother to escape (Hébert 246). Jérôme does not die, perhaps because his wife is now aware of her murderous nature, which means he no

longer needs to be a scapegoat. But Madame Rolland is not free. For as she sits with her recovered husband another onslaught, "une tempête," from the unconscious begins. Madame Rolland is forced to witness the result of the process she has undergone because Elisabeth is banished to the unconscious forever, her Lilith nature forced to wander in the wilderness, all doors shut against her (Hébert 250). Thus "[l]'épouse modèle" sits holding hands with her husband while "[d]ans un champ aride, sous les pierres, on a déterré une femme noire, vivante, datant d'une époque reculée et sauvage" (Hébert 250). Townspeople believe that: "Chacun se dit que la faim de vivre de cette femme, enterrée vive, il y a si longtemps, doit être si féroce et entière, accumulée sous la terre, depuis des siècles!" Elisabeth's passions for life represents women's passion buried for centuries, outcast for centuries. People everywhere have deserted her. The town is shut against her. She may beg and weep but the streets are deserted and no one will answer her cries. All that can happen now is "à mourir de faim et de solitude" (Hébert 250). Madame Rolland weeps--everyone thinks she is crying so for love of her husband. We know better. Elisabeth is starving to death in her banishment from Madame Rolland's life. Briefly she was resurrected but death is her fate. Madame Rolland's soul is in absolute torment while she clings to her husband's hand and the virtuous demeanor she has created for herself, as her passion for life slowly dies.

The Elisabeth who emerges temporarily from beneath the rocks is a part of the material world, matter, and bodily consciousness stripped of its knowledge. As an energetic aspect of Madame Rolland's psyche, she is condemned to remain unconscious

matter,¹⁶ in other words, to return under the rocks from whence she came in an almost cyclical movement that may suggest that Madame Rolland's struggle will never be completely over.

Elisabeth was symbolically abandoned at Kamouraska. The name, Kamouraska, is Algonquin and it means "jonc au bord de l'eau," rush or rushes beside water (Hébert 206). Elisabeth plays with the syllables and sounds of the word, which she translates first, into the sound of bees, then into the humming of distant voices who are approaching witnesses to George's presence near Kamouraska. It is very interesting that Anne Hébert chose this name for the title of her book. Kamouraska is where Elisabeth is abandoned; the cove on the St. Lawrence, near Kamouraska, is where George murdered Antoine, leaving his arm reaching out of the huge drifts of snow; and Elisabeth emerges from the rocks at Kamouraska as she pleads for her life. The title of the novel is therefore associated with the life and death passions of Madame Rolland. However, the richest, most meaningful association of the name may be given in the fact that Elisabeth relates its sound to the judges that pursue her as they push her towards the truth of her existence. The sound of the movement of rushes in the water murmur and mimic the sound of voices. The water holds the memory of the violent death on its shores, holds the memory and tells its story. Madame Rolland hears the truth through her dreams and is pushed to witness her complicity. Water, as a profound image of soul and of the psyche with its unfathomable depths, sees the events that unfold about and in it and reflects the stories back. "The true eye of the earth is water," muses Bachelard; "[i]n our

eyes it is water that dreams . . . [i]n nature it is . . . water that sees and water that dreams" (31).

Soul is sacrificed in Madame Rolland's and Elisabeth's story in order that appearances and personae may be kept up, may be correct, appropriate and proper. Elisabeth *knew* that she was too afraid to pursue a life with George, too afraid to cross permanently either the barriers of marital propriety or her country, her native land, to follow him to America, though she would revolt to the extent of murder. Anne Hébert's observance of Québécoise women during the nineteenth-century, her awareness that they were encapsulated within a proper demeanor, while rebellions lurked, brewed and stewed beneath the surface, is Madame Rolland's life story. The mask Elisabeth wore, the demeanor of the proper woman into which she shapes herself, became first her "refuge," then her plaster coffin (Hébert 207). She is rendered soulless, her passions locked deep within. Elisabeth's knowledge that she lived within a 'captive land' under English law where she is charged in a "langue étrangère," is also true for Madame Rolland's passions of the body and of the heart: these 'native' passions of womanhood are also trapped within the 'captive' body under Madame Rolland's English law of propriety and the masculine parameters of Apollonic consciousness (Hébert 44).

EPILOGUE: WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS

Several profound feminine archetypes emerge from the stories of both Rose and Elisabeth's lives. Underneath or within the archetypal pattern of Apollo pursuing Daphne, or the attempt to escape enclosure within Apollonic consciousness, which results in loss of soul and body consciousness for both characters, are Artemis, Medusa and Lilith. These goddesses, or representations of female energy, signify body consciousness, the passion, independence, inviolability, the primal states of being with a knowledge of one's self as woman that stands aside or apart from the male. These images of feminine energy do not require a male partner in order to be whole, which does not mean males are excluded. Because such independence is an enemy of Apollonic consciousness, which, consciously or unconsciously, assumes the superior role and makes the other into an object, these archetypal forces are hunted, chased, pursued, run ragged, enclosed, foreclosed, or beaten out of woman until they hide away in the wilderness of the deep unconscious.

Rose learned not to rebel. She was beaten for her sharp tongue, for her Artemis wildness that provoked her father's wrath. Her passion was her father's sacrifice. She was unmothered and without those loving arms to sustain her, she learned how to act, how to play in the theatre of life, to pretend to be somebody because she was not sure who she was, as the title of the book reveals. Theatre therefore became a way of life,

a way of coping and paradoxically an answer to Rose's drive to create art through her body and her voice. Her journey towards selfhood meant creating an independent self without role models, without mothering, without a strong sense of who she was. Munro created Rose to represent a woman who wanted "to keep herself whole" and indeed, despite the soul sacrifices she was forced to make as she forged her identity, she learned to stand alone (Metcalf, qtd. in Carrington 213). Because of Flo's derisiveness, Rose learned to keep herself hidden, to perform. As a child, her nature therefore grew "like a prickly pineapple, but slowly, and secretly, hard pride and skepticism overlapping, to make something surprising even to herself" (Munro, 5).

Rose's story is the story of woman surviving in patriarchy without a soul sense of her womanhood. This too, is Elisabeth's story. The Medusa, Artemis and Lilith aspects of her nature are too powerful, too potent for her milieu to handle. These parts of her being were necessarily sacrificed on the altar of propriety. She too learned to participate in theatre, to pretend to be somebody she was not. She learned to wear a mask that would hide the deeper, more potent aspects of her womanhood. In doing so she hid herself from herself for almost twenty years. The Apollonic consciousness of her society and her religion forced her to exclude her soul from bodily participation in her reality as a woman: her sacrifice is thus a sacrifice of soul and self. For both Elisabeth and Rose the deeper, soulful aspects of their womanhood are forced into the wilderness where they wander without relationship to the whole woman.

Both women were victims of violence, the violence of a society that does not permit the full range of their expression as women. The central loss, however, one that left both of these women absolutely bereft, was the loss of the continuity of their lives through their mothers. "The loss of the daughter to the mother, the mother to the daughter, is the essential female tragedy," Adrienne Rich correctly observes (*Of Woman Born* 240). This wound in the heart of both Elisabeth and Rose is *the* contemporary tragedy, the 'heart of darkness' in women's lives. The greatest violence perpetrated upon both Elisabeth and Rose, as it is upon all women, is the iconographic representation of the essential religious unit as being mother and son. Patriarchal religion does not support the mother-daughter unit, in fact drives them apart, as the story of Demeter and Persephone informs us. Thus "the great unwritten story" is the "cathexis between mother and daughter--essential, distorted, misused" (Rich, *Of Woman Born* 226). This thesis, then, tells the story of two women, separated by time and culture, who struggle with their identities as women without their mothers or their milieu to support them.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ Virginia Woolf was acutely aware of this soul problem. In *A Room Of One's Own*, as she discusses literature written by men, she notes the presence of "a straight dark bar, a shadow shaped something like the letter 'I.' One began dodging this way and that to catch a glimpse of the landscape behind it. Whether that was indeed a tree or a woman walking [she] was not quite sure . . . the worst of it is that in the shadow of the letter 'I' all is shapeless as mist. Is that a tree? No, it is a woman" (103-4).
- ² The reader will have perceived that I am using the term Apollonic consciousness, within a particular, psychological framework. The term, Apollonian, with its opposite, the Dionysian, was first developed by Friedrich Nietzsche in *The Birth Of Tragedy*. The Apollonian represents an aesthetic principle of control "over the fair illusion of our inner world of fantasy" where Apollo is the image of "*principium individuationis*," the calm center within a raging storm (Nietzsche 21, 22). The Dionysion is the polar opposite, an animalistic, orgiastic "ecstatic reality" which "takes no account of the individual and may even destroy him, or else redeem him through a mystical experience of the collective" (Nietzsche 24). Jung was greatly influenced by Nietzsche's principles. He found, however, that Nietzsche's understanding of the two polarities, as simply a problem of aesthetics, was incomplete. The problem was not, in Jung's mind, "purely a question of conflicting artistic impulses" but was rather one of religious impulses involving the psyche (Jung, *CW XI* 141, par. 231). If one considers Nietzsche's idea of Apollo representing "the father of the [Olympian] world" (28), with the characteristics of control and subjugation, we are, therefore, following behind Hillman as he recognizes Apollonic consciousness to be patriarchal and misogynistic.
- ³ For a discussion of the journey out from under the patriarchal shell that covers many women, see Sylvia Brinton Perera.
- ⁴ See Susan Griffin, in particular, "'His Power' (He Tames What Is Wild)" 103-6.
- ⁵ Rose marries a man exactly like her father. In her marriage with Patrick, Rose is again beaten, is choked by her husband's hands around her neck and is verbally abused. Violence and the incest wound in Rose's family is thus represented as continuing, unconsciously, through the familial structure and perhaps the generations in this very manner.
- ⁶ Rasporich suggests that, in Munro's fiction, ". . . the continuity of life [is] through organic time, which, cyclical and evolutionary, is also the biological imperative of the female body" (177).

- ⁷ An excellent discussion of feminine egg symbols is Nor Hall 47-52.
- ⁸ As the mother broods upon her daughter's life she does not create her life for her. Cherishing her daughter's hopes and dreams does not mean that the mother wants the daughter to live out the mother's dreams, either those she could not live for herself, or those she would have for the daughter.
- ⁹ The decimation of the mother archetype in patriarchy (and consequently the repression, or worse, beating or murder of women and girls), is the result of the fear of the archetype's power, particularly the aspects which represent the Death Goddess. Perera comments that the "patriarchal ego of both men and women, to earn its instinct-disciplining, striving, progressive, and heroic stance, has fled from the full-scale awe of the goddess. Or it has tried to slay her, or at least to dismember and thus depotentiate her" (7). The energy of the dark feminine, Kali, for example, provides a balance to the consciousness of modern women and men who have matured within the limits of the 'good' qualities of the feminine which are considered to be acceptable. Many women are now returning to and redeeming "what the patriarchy has often seen only as a dangerous threat and called terrible mother, dragon, or witch" (Perera 7).
- ¹⁰ Marci McDonald tells the story of the conception of *Kamouraska*: "It was while going through her mother's papers that [Hébert] hit upon a family tree with one branch abruptly ending with the notice 'Assassiné, 1839.' Rummaging through the drawers of memory, she found her mother's tale of a swarthy American doctor who, out of love for a woman so beautiful that juries were convinced of her innocence, murdered a family squire. And thus was born *Kamouraska*" (59).
- ¹¹ For a discussion of the similarities of the two novels in theme, plot, characters and literary techniques, see Murray Sachs 109-23.
- ¹² Gayatri Chakrovorty Spivak comments that in imperialism, i.e., colonization, "As the female individualist, not-quite/not male, articulates herself in shifting relationship to what is at stake [childbearing, soul making], the 'native female' as such (*within* discourse, as a signifier is excluded from any share in this emerging norm [imperialism])" (244-45, her italics).
- ¹³ For a profound discussion of the puer, see Marie-Louise von Franz, *Puer Aeternus: A Psychological Study of the Adult Struggle with the Paradise of Childhood*.
- ¹⁴ The puer is caught in the mire of the mother-complex. The role of the father in this archetypal, Oedipal situation is crucial. So often the young man's experience of his father is that they have no relationship--the puer is essentially unfathered. As Rich

father is that they have no relationship--the puer is essentially unfathered. As Rich observes, "[w]e have to recognize, at this moment in history, as through centuries past, that most of our sons are--in the most profound sense--virtually fatherless." The burden and responsibility of fathering is too often left with women. Yet, when a woman refuses to mother men, "even in casual relationships or conversations, [she] is often . . . labeled 'hostile,' a 'ball-breaker,' a 'castrating bitch.' A plain fact cleanly spoken by a woman's tongue is not infrequently perceived as a cutting blade directed at a man's genitals" (Rich, *Of Woman Born* 211, 212-13). It is too simplistic to blame women for the soul-problems of modern men--men who prefer to seek companionship, nurturing and support from women rather than shouldering the responsibility for parenting as well as their fear of male, i.e. father, relationships. The contemporary men's movement is just beginning to explore this problem. See, for example, Robert Bly. For a critical response to Bly's work, one that questions Bly's attitude towards women, see Susan Faludi, "Robert Bly: Turning 'Yogurt Eaters' into 'Wild Men'" (304-12).

- ¹⁵ In an interview, the depth psychologist Marion Woodman was asked: "What happens when we don't use the body fully?" She replied: "We are disconnected from soul, from the purpose of our lives." "The Body as the Cultural Unconscious: Anorexia, Bulimia and Addiction" 6.
- ¹⁶ Russell Lockhart writes that "denied and rejected psyche will in fact become matter before our eyes" (37).

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